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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THE Franco-Soviet pact is now being debated in the French Chamber. The anti-Bolsheviks of the Right are fighting against it; but it has solid support on the Left, and its ratification by a substantial majority is expected next week. The German reaction to it is one of undisguised anger. The anger is natural enough, since the conclusion of the pact, especially with a British blessing attached, means a serious blow to Nazi hopes and designs. But the arguments with which it is opposed in Berlin will not bear examination. It is patently untrue to say that it is incompatible with the Locarno Treaty. The complaint that it is directed against Germany is only true in the sense that it is a defensive measure against a Germany that threatens aggression, and the door is still open, as it was from the start, for Germany to become herself a party to the pact. If there is any "encirclement" of Germany, it is Hitler who is responsible for it, not Russia or France or Great Britain—whom a section of the Nazi press is now treating as the villain of the piece. There is talk in some quarters of the Germans replying to the ratification of the pact by a seizure of the demilitarised Rhineland. But we do not believe that they will plunge into such a rash adventure. They are more likely to concentrate on strengthening their relations with Poland.

The Oil Embargo

The *Daily Express* has asked 5,000 of its readers for their views on the Abyssinian war. The answers show 83.3 per cent. opposed to Italy, with 11.3 per cent. in her favour and 5.4 per cent. doubtful. That, we may assume, is a fair sample of British opinion. We may also assume that the great majority, if not the whole, of the 83 per cent. wish to see an oil embargo applied in order to hasten the end of this adventure. But it looks as if the politicians are going to disappoint them. The Experts Committee at Geneva have now presented their report; they have made it clear that Italy's stocks of oil are sufficient for less than four months, that the possibility of her getting synthetic substitutes is negligible, and that the U.S.A. is her sole hope. A couple of months ago the Americans were ready to limit their supplies to the normal, which would have ensured the effectiveness of an oil embargo. But that can no longer be relied on, since American feeling has been revolted by the cowardice of the League Powers and the machinations of Mussolini's friends. The *Observer* came near the truth last Sunday when it said that "Sir Samuel Hoare's great achievement was that he killed the oil sanction." The game now, it seems all too likely, is to dodge the embargo, and put the whole blame on America. Thus we shall serve God and Mammon and Mars, to the equal satisfaction of the Duce and the oil-mongers on both sides of the Atlantic.

American Fears of Japan

Americans may feel easy about ignoring the troubles of Europe and Africa. But Eastern Asia is nearer home, and Senator Pittman's denunciation of Japan has stirred up some little excitement. The Senator, who is chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, did not mince his words. He spoke of the " arrogance " and " threats " of the Japanese, declared that their aim is to close the door against American trade in China, and insisted that the armed forces of the U.S.A. should be strengthened to protect its rights. Opinion appears to be divided on the propriety of this candour; but undoubtedly Senator Pittman's views find a great deal of support, and even Mr. Cordell Hull, the Secretary of State, would not disavow the speech, though he said that he had not been consulted about it. A different—and a rather startling—view was expressed by another speaker who followed in the debate; he suggested that America might presently be confronted by an alliance between Japan and Soviet Russia, who would begin their job by seizing Alaska. Most of us will take this no more seriously than did the Japanese Ambassador, who is reported to have said laconically that it was " something new." But nobody thought of suggesting an understanding between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. and Great Britain in the Far East which might, even at this late date, have some useful effect in checking Japanese aggression. And, incidentally, it would involve a less formidable expenditure on armaments than the single-handed preparations which Senator Pittman contemplates.

Austria and the Habsburgs

A good deal of nonsense has been talked about the Habsburg " dash to Paris " last week. The Archduke Otto was due to visit his relations in Paris on Monday, February 3rd. He refused—with the unfortunate half-measure obstinacy of his ancestors—to cancel the visit in order to please the Little Entente; he would only agree to postpone it by two days, and therefore arrived on the Wednesday, the day Prince Starhemberg was due to leave. It is not surprising that Prince Starhemberg's colleagues in Vienna were made nervous by reports that their emissary had agreed to make Habsburg restoration depend upon the virtual consent of the Little Entente. Any such undertaking would belie the notion of Austrian independence (to use the ironic euphemism which is still current); indeed, the Nazis, whose activities have been reviving, have had a splendid time, it seems, telling the Austrians they have now been sold to the Slavs. It is unfortunate that the fear that Italy may " go German " brought her name back into the Danubian formula, since nothing could be more popular in Austria than to cease to depend on Italy. The conversations in Paris may nevertheless be regarded as all to the good. It was fortunate that M. Laval had fallen before the death of King George, for the Quai d'Orsay under M. Flandin was more likely to inspire confidence in the representatives of the Little Entente returning from London. The visit of the extremely able Czech Premier and Foreign Minister, Dr. Hodza, to Paris this week promises well, and his imminent journey to Belgrade and Vienna may do something to soften Jugoslavia's reaction to the Habsburg *gaucherie*.

The Exemptions Bill

The protest against the Government's Education Bill is steadily growing in volume; it is denounced by the Association of all the local authorities who would be responsible for its administration. What useful purpose would be served by nominally raising the school-leaving age if the exemptions will amount, as conservative and experienced administrators say they will, to 80 per cent. or more?; Beneficial employment must usually amount to the same thing as practically all employment. In London, for example, where the education authority would have to inquire annually into about 40,000 cases, it is doubtful whether any more children will remain at school until 15 under the new law than now remain by the voluntary decision of their parents. In most parts of the country " beneficial employment " is always waiting for children of fourteen, though they may be turned on to the streets a few years later. Only in the very depressed areas where even children of fourteen cannot find work would the new law have any appreciable effect. It is not surprising that the responsible authorities object to administering so palpable a fraud. How can they declare employment in one industry to be beneficial and in another unbeneficial, how explain to one mother that she must forgo her son's wages for a year when her next door neighbour's boy is allowed to earn? The only sensible policy is to raise the age without exemptions, with an extension of the maintenance allowance system to meet the new need.

Smithfield and the Future of Markets

The Smithfield strike has been for the moment settled by a return to work, on the understanding that the men's grievances are now to be dealt with through the regular Trade Union machinery and with the minimum of delay. But it seems possible that a great deal more than the strike has really been settled; for many people are saying that the methods of meat distribution which were improvised during the stoppage are a good deal more satisfactory than the regular methods in use before it occurred. In fact, the whole question of the future of Smithfield as a market is being raised; and it is asked whether it is really necessary to carry these vast quantities of imported meat to a central depot in the heart of London—at a grave cost in traffic congestion—before despatching them to the localised distributors. The same question has often been asked about Covent Garden; but it is very much easier to decentralise the distribution of imported meat, which is a largely standardised bulk product, than it can be to arrange for the direct despatch of the many and widely differentiated types of orchard and market garden produce. All the same, some day the produce markets must be cleared out of the Central London area; and the strike at Smithfield may come to be looked back on as the beginning of their end.

The Seamen's Rights

Mr. Arthur Greenwood enjoyed another battle with Mr. Runciman over the Merchant Shipping subsidy. Broadly, the Labour Party's contention is that the Merchant Shipping Acts are obsolete, that their safety provisions are quite inadequate, that there is clear need for the establishment of manning scales and regulations of the hours

and terms of labour, and if possible of wages as well, and that it is an aggravation of the offence of the present position that the shipowners should be subsidised and enabled to earn much higher profits without being compelled to remedy any of the seamen's or officers' grievances. Mr. Runciman recognises that some of these grievances exist, but says he hopes to put them right piecemeal without a general recasting of the Merchant Shipping Acts. He refuses to make the continuance of the subsidy in any way conditional upon their amendment. Nevertheless, it is not without significance that on the day of the Commons debate on the subsidy the shipowners agreed to raise seamen's wages. Even this rise, however, does not give back the whole of the cuts made in 1932—so that seamen remain worse off than workers in most other trades, even apart from the frequency with which the standard rates are undercut, and the notorious badness of their conditions and inadequate care for the safety of life, which the depression has made worse than ever.

The Sugar Beet Scandal

The protests raised by the Sugar Beet Industry against the Government's amalgamation scheme are an instructive example of the way in which private enterprise capitalises privileges bestowed by the State, and immediately invests them with all the sacrosanctity attached to private property. The majority report of the Greene Committee stated quite bluntly that the industry could not continue without State support, and that whatever value the factory plant, etc., possessed, over and above scrap value, was in the present circumstances given to it by that support. But the industry could not be more indignant at the new proposals if it had built up its enterprises from nothing in the good old Samuel Smiles style. It talks of expropriation and of a grave departure from the generally accepted principles of legislation in relation to British industry, as if a State subsidy of £50,000,000 were an integral part of the machinery of private enterprise. Contemporary experience both here and in the U.S.A. shows that State assistance to capitalists is a one-way transaction which does not even secure a return flow of gratitude, let alone the moral obligations pathetically demanded by Mr. Baldwin. In this case the sugar beet enterprise should be told that it can capitalise itself at any figure it pleases, provided it dispenses with further subsidy and includes in its financial structure £50,000,000 First Mortgage Debentures owned by the citizens of the United Kingdom.

The City and the Public

Two City events of the present week have more than a limited City interest. The first is the decision of Mr. Runciman to set up a committee of inquiry into the whole question of "Fixed Trusts," which, introduced a few years ago from the United States, have spread so rapidly in this country. The Fixed Trust, not needing to register as a joint stock company, escapes even such obligations as the Companies Acts impose of publishing accounts and disclosing its financial position; and the Stock Exchange Committee has already declared that in its view the problem, if it needs dealing with, requires legislation. That it does need dealing with, despite the perfect respectability of many of these Trusts, seems clear; there are already too many loopholes for the shady financier for new ones to be tolerable. The second event referred to is the declaration of the Stock Exchange Committee that new capital issues ought to be made by the regular method of public prospectus and subscription, and not by the indirect method of "offer for sale" through intermediaries, unless there are special reasons in a particular case. This recommendation errs on the side of mildness; the "offer for sale" drives a coach and horses through the provisions of the Companies Acts for ensuring the accuracy and adequate disclosure of information by way of prospectuses, and the increase of this bad way of raising new capital in recent years has been one of the chief abuses of the capital market, and a fertile source of loss and anti-social misinvestment.

A Farthing Plaintiff

Contemptuous damages of one farthing were awarded by a special jury last week to Sir Oswald Mosley in his action against Mr. Marchbank. The general public passed its verdict on Fascist methods in this country after the Olympia meeting and it is noteworthy that now, on the first opportunity that has arisen to test in a court of law the allegations that individual Fascists at Olympia used truncheons and knuckle-dusters, a good volume of evidence was given to that effect and no witness was called to rebut the allegations. The result of the whole proceedings will be, we hope, finally to discredit Sir Oswald Mosley and his movement in this country.

The Coroner's Powers

The powers occasionally exercised by a Coroner's court have long been recognised as anomalous. In certain cases these powers may amount to a usurpation of the functions of the police and magistrates or even an encroachment on the rights of a judge and jury. No doubt such abuses of the system are exceptional, but the Home Office Committee which has just reported is fully justified in maintaining that a stricter supervision of the appointment of Coroners must be combined with drastic alterations in their legal position. The Committee proposes, therefore, that Coroners should no longer have the right to commit a person for trial on a charge of murder, manslaughter or infanticide, and the habit of passing verdicts or riders of censure at inquests is condemned. The suggestion that the press should not be allowed to report details of suicide cases, because they sometimes lead unstable people to imitative suicides, is more likely to arouse controversy. The desire to check sensationalism will meet with general approval, but the principle of press censorship is dangerous and may result in the suppression of facts which the public ought to know. Few will quarrel, however, with the Report's main assumption that a Coroner's inquest should be concerned merely with the investigation of how, when, and where the death occurred. The proposal that Coroners should not enter into matters of civil or criminal liability, together with its corrollary that where questions of criminality are involved the laws of evidence should be observed, meets the chief criticism which has been made against the present system.

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ARMAMENTS AND POLICY

IN the debate on the Laval-Hoare peace proposals it was remarked in this paper that the most honest speech was made by Mr. Harold Nicolson. He said that he felt he ought to resign because he had won his seat by promising a policy of honest adherence to the League Covenant and that if the Laval-Hoare terms had been divulged before the poll, his Labour opponent would have been returned. This was honestly spoken; Mr. Nicolson had been tricked and apologised for having inadvertently profited by trickery. The letter from him which we publish in our correspondence columns this week suggests, oddly enough, that he is prepared to be tricked again. He accuses us of inconsistency because we pointed out that a large rearmament programme for an unspecified policy was not a means to peace, and urged that a determined effort to tackle the economic causes of war, combined with an unmistakable proof of our readiness to participate in sanctions against Italy or any other aggressor, would be a sensible policy that might keep the peace. There is no inconsistency unless we make two assumptions, both of which seem to us unjustified. Mr. Nicolson seems to think that the Government has repented and now honestly adheres to a collective security policy, and that in order to pursue such a policy rearmament at a cost of about a hundred and fifty to two hundred million pounds (why this figure?) is necessary to carry it out. This is exactly what we were told at the General Election when Mr. Nicolson admits that he was tricked. We did not believe in the Government's intention to adhere to the Covenant then and we do not now. When Mr. Nicolson again realises his mistake and the Laval-Hoare proposals in a new form are next trotted out we have no doubt that he will once more be honest and admit his error. But why is it necessary to be naive as well as honest?

The gravamen of our charge was that even to-day, after the Hoare fiasco, nobody knows what British policy is. Unless we know, it is impossible even to examine the Government's claim that more armaments are necessary. A League policy would mean that we should pool our armaments with other members of the League and only arm on an agreed and publicly stated programme in conjunction with other League states. We should make it clear that these combined forces would be used in the last resort to prevent unprovoked aggression, and we should couple this pronouncement with an intimation to all non-League states that the League was willing to consider the peaceful settlement of any specific grievances at Geneva. It is clear that the Government has adopted and intends no such policy. It merely uses the slogan of collective security because by doing so it hopes to undermine the Labour and Liberal attack and to ensnare even experienced and well-meaning people like Mr. Nicolson into becoming its whole-hearted supporters. Precisely the same trick that was used so effectively at the General Election is being tried again.

We defy anyone to look at the past record or present behaviour of the Government and come to any other conclusion. We need not go back to the dismal story of the Manchurian dispute, when it openly took the side of the aggressor, or remind Mr. Nicolson of the part it took in avoiding disarmament and above all in throwing away the one great opportunity of changing the national air menace into an international world air service. He is already aware of the story told week by week in this journal, and retold in full for us by "Vigilantes", of how Mussolini openly prepared his aggression (through the Suez Canal) without any protest from us; how we made repeated offers to buy him off by offering him bits of Abyssinia and how, although Mr. Eden spoke of the duty of the members of the League to apply sanctions promptly and effectively since men were being killed and homes destroyed with every day of the war, six weeks of war passed before any sanctions were applied at all. After four months of war the members of the League, including ourselves, are still selling and transporting to Italy the oil with which she is daily slaughtering human beings and bombing hospitals, churches and towns. The ships of League members still touch at Italian ports and Italian ships still trade with members of the League. Article 16 is being violated as much as it is being applied. The present sanctions are little better than a farce. They mean that the war may go on for another year or even two, and the longer it goes on the greater the danger that Japan may exploit the situation to the point where she forces war on the Soviet Union. If that happens the danger of Germany breaking loose becomes very great. So far, as the Abyssinian Government itself has said, Ethiopia

> has obtained from the League of Nations neither the indirect assistance of irresistible economic means nor any form of direct assistance . . . the Ethiopian Government is learning the cruel lesson that small peoples must chiefly rely on themselves to defend their independence and their territorial integrity.

That is the lesson which is being drawn from events by every would-be aggressor as well as by every potential victim.

Nor is it any use trying to believe that the attitude of the British Government changed when Sir Samuel Hoare was driven from office. Though the Laval-Hoare proposals were defeated, Mr. Baldwin has said nothing to indicate that he has changed his often repeated view that collective security in the present state of the world is an impossible ideal. President Roosevelt's offer of co-operation if an oil embargo was imposed was allowed to go by. Mr. Eden, no doubt bound by the views of the majority of his colleagues, has not been in a position to press for the oil embargo, and it is now being solemnly argued that an oil embargo should not be imposed because American co-operation is no longer likely to be forthcoming. It is to be noticed that there are persistent rumours that Sir Samuel Hoare may return to the Government, and that in his recent letter to his constituents in Chelsea he showed that he still believed that his proposals were the best means of peace. There is every reason to believe that Mr. Baldwin still agrees with him. It is still true that the Government's attitude to Italy is, as it has always been, not a League attitude but a policy of obtaining a peace "equally satisfactory to Italy, Abyssinia and the League." This means, in plain English, a peace that will give Mussolini enough territory and concessions in Abyssinia to save his face at home. It may be stated categorically that the lines of such a deal are being informally discussed now in British and French diplomatic quarters, and that it is hoped to negotiate it when the rainy season brings a lull in military operations. Meanwhile, the Government's policy is to avoid any

serious form of sanctions, accustom public opinion to the prospect of Mussolini obtaining some territory and concessions in the final settlement, and even, it is suggested, to bribe the Duce into joining the anti-German front by promising him an Anglo-French loan big enough to enable the Fascist regime to survive its Abyssinian adventure and to exploit the territory and concessions it will be offered to call off the adventure. In short, sanctions are being conducted and peace is being prepared on terms that will destroy what is left of collective security and faith in the League. This is being done in order to preserve Fascism as a bulwark against social revolution and Italy as a factor in the new Balance of Power.

Now where in these circumstances is the inconsistency in pointing out that the Government has made no case for rearmament? The necessity is for clarity of policy, not for the blind entrance into an armament race. Germany is no doubt the real problem. But which is the more likely to change Hitler's tune and to encourage the anti-Fascist forces in Europe—a large rearmament for no specified purpose except presumably the defence of the British Empire and the Rhine frontier, or a clear British declaration of policy which would re-create the League and make a constructive peace policy possible? Mussolini knew that the armaments of the League were big enough to stop his Abyssinian adventure: he went blithely ahead because he did not believe that Great Britain or France intended to adhere to the Covenant. He was justified, and Hitler too will think the risk worth running, as pre-war Germany did, if British policy remains undefined. British rearmament will not trouble Hitler if the Naval Pact and the Laval-Hoare proposals are samples of British policy. Why should he mind if he believes that Great Britain may even support him in his expansionist aims? There are already plenty of League armaments: the forces of Great Britain, France, the U.S.S.R., the Little Entente and other League Powers are already large enough to cope with any aggression—if they hold together. And in that case there is not likely to be any aggression in the near future, for Hitler has learnt the lesson of German history and will not run the risk of war against Great Britain, Russia and France at the same time. But if the League Powers drift apart and we continue to turn the Covenant into a scrap of paper, not a Treaty or a frontier will be safe, though we pile up armaments till we have no coats to our backs.

M. SARRAUT AND HIS TROUBLES

IT may still be too early to say whether the Sarraut Government is a good or a bad Government; but one thing seems certain: it is not the stop-gap Government which some imagined it to be. In this unpleasant history-making epoch of ours it is no joke to rule a big European country even for a day. No sooner did MM. Sarraut and Flandin sit down for a short rest after obtaining their big majority in the Chamber than Paris was overrun by Kings and Prime Ministers from all over Europe; and there were ten days of lunches and dinners and receptions and diplomatic conversations. *Il fallait prendre ses positions.* And in the middle of it all there was the Otto interlude which gave Flandin some unpleasant moments.

M. Régnier, the five-foot Minister of Finance whom M. Sarraut inherited from his predecessor (*le crabe ambulant*, as the *Action Française* calls him) is having an equally troublesome time. He is still uncertain whether he will get his loan in London; and without it he may find it pretty hard to make ends meet and to "protect the franc"—even if only until the first of June, when the new Chamber will have the privilege of stepping in and cleaning up the mess.

And the Minister of the Colonies is being troubled by alarming reports of rioting in Syria; and the Minister of Labour is being asked to "define his position" in relation to the proposals for a scheme of national unemployment relief in place of the present locally administered—and highly defective—system. The attitude of the Sarraut Government in this matter is rather more promising than that of the Laval Government.

The Minister of the Interior alone is having much less trouble than his predecessors. The commemoration of both February 6th in the "Right" Place de la Concorde and of February 9th in the "Left" Place de la République passed off perfectly quietly, and for the present, at any rate, there is no evidence of any unrest inside the country. One has the curious impression that both the Left and the Right have become rather tired of squabbling, and that not many people at the moment are greatly concerned about either a Fascist or a Communist "menace."

I confess that some of my French Left-wing friends have "sat on me" for my last article in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION in which I questioned the wisdom of the Radicals in overthrowing Laval at that particular moment. My argument was that since they failed to break up his Government at the time of the Hoare-Laval plan (when everybody would have understood their revolt) they might just as well have left him in power until the Election. The Sarraut Government has turned out all right as far as it goes; but I have not quite repented yet. The Radicals have allowed Laval to escape from the great financial difficulties (largely the outcome of his deflationist policy) with which the Sarraut Government is now faced, and until we know how M. Régnier is going to disentangle himself, it is still too early to say that they were right to have freed Laval and the Right of all direct financial responsibility two months before the General Election. Régnier has got to find 7 milliard francs for the current needs of the Treasury before June 1st; and Laval would have been in the same difficulty had he remained in power. It is true that the Radicals left Laval chiefly because they disagreed with his foreign policy; and it was also for that reason that the Socialists gave the Sarraut Government such a big majority at the Chamber. "Such as you are," Blum said, "you have one great virtue; you have taken the place of Laval." It was a somewhat lopsided compliment. It reminded me of the barber who said to Don Quixote: "And even if my lady had a beard, she would still be fairer than your Dulcinea of Tobosa."

Sarraut, the bearded lady, whom Blum is finding so much fairer than Laval, is not a striking personality. He is an old Radical with rather a "national union" twist to his character—which explains, incidentally, why he insisted on getting so many Centre people, pining for a Cabinet job, into his Government. He dislikes the Socialists who overthrew his short-lived Government of November, 1933, and hates the Communists who gave him a lot of trouble when he was Governor-General of Indo-China, and whom, on one notorious occasion, he proclaimed to be *the* enemy. In spite of his bald curé-like head and his sixty-four summers, he is still said to be inordinately fond of women, and is called the "Sphinx" in honour of a particularly gay night-club he is alleged to frequent. Even the otherwise sympathetic *Canard Enchaîné* imagined a pretty scene of old Sarraut lying in bed and turning over in his mind the possible members of his new Cabinet: Suppose I put Lisette at the Quai d'Orsay, Carmen at the Ministry of the Interior? And what about the Negress for the Ministry of Colonies?

Sarraut has also a notoriously unfortunate platform manner,

and his speeches are florid and verbose, and full of unconsciously comic effects. But he has his good points. He is a Sarraut—a brother of Maurice Sarraut, the editor of the *Dépêche de Toulouse*, the most influential Radical paper in the country; and Maurice Sarraut has a personal prestige on the French Left similar to that enjoyed in England by the late C. P. Scott. With all his faults, Albert lives, as it were, in his brother's reflected glory, and represents through his family background the "true Radical tradition" of the South. What the Socialists dislike about his Cabinet is not so much Sarraut personally as some of his colleagues—people like Nicolle, a textile magnate and the most unpopular man with the proletariat of Lille and Roubaix, or Thellier, a "representative of clerical reaction," as Blum said, and until quite lately an outspoken anti-sanctionist and a strong supporter of Laval. The Right also poked fun at the "incoherence" of the Cabinet with its *Front Populaire* supporters and Laval-eaters like Guernut, Déat and Delbos, on the one hand, and the textile lords on the other. Still, the Left, as already said, voted solidly for the bearded lady, who obtained a majority of 196. For the first time since February 6th, 1934, did a Government secure a Left-wing majority; something had changed in France, after all—a return to what the *Times* called *status quo ante Stavisky*. The Franklin-Bouillons and other speakers of the Right, after making fun of its incoherence, nevertheless concluded that the Sarraut Government marked "the first victory of the *Front Populaire* over the idea of National Union."

Flandin, like several other Ministers of the Centre, joined the Government on his own initiative, and rather against the wishes of his party colleagues. In the Alliance Démocratique, Flandin's party, the pro-Laval elements are in open rebellion against him. Still, by becoming France's Foreign Minister, Flandin has in one day acquired world notoriety. He is still something of a dark horse. In 1931 and 1932, when Flandin was still closely associated with Tardieu, the Left greatly disliked him, and made the most of the Aeropostale affair in which he was involved. But in 1934 he backed the Radicals in their revolt against Doumergue, and when he became Prime Minister after Doumergue's fall, they were greatly relieved and forgave him his past peccadilloes. Later, the opposition with which his cheap money policy met from the Bank of France made him almost popular with the Left, who did not overthrow his Government until, overwhelmed by the financial crisis last spring, he gave way to the Bank and asked for plenary financial powers. In the end the same plenary powers were given to Laval. As Premier, Flandin went with Laval to London; the result was the "London communiqué" which is still waiting to be carried into practice—though with Germany's official rearmament conditions have rather changed since then. Flandin is supposed to be pro-British; this supposition, however, is partly based on his English way of dressing and on the numerous personal contacts he has in England.

But it would be a mistake to imagine that Flandin is fundamentally anti-Lavallian in his foreign policy. In October, before sanctions were decided upon, he was more anti-sanctionist than even Laval, and was actually in favour of treating Abyssinia as a second Manchuria, with the League procedure limiting itself to Article 15 of the Covenant. Even since entering the new Cabinet he declared to his party friends that he fully approved of Laval's policy "except in certain details." Still, the Left-wing Members of the Cabinet have sworn that they will make him pursue a policy "different from Laval's," and Sarraut has proclaimed that France will henceforth support the League "not grudgingly, not with mental reservations, but with all her heart." The difference, in short, is mainly in tone, rather than in substance. That is probably what Flandin meant by "certain details."

Still, there is a certain difference in method as well. The Franco-Soviet pact is at last being brought before the Chamber for ratification. Although Laval signed this pact, he delayed ratification for fear of offending Hitler. Quite unnecessarily he also got François-Poncet, the French Ambassador in Berlin, to swear to Hitler that the pact was not directed against Germany, and that it was not incompatible with Locarno—as if there could be any doubt about it. It is also probable that last week's diplomatic talks would have been given a different twist if Laval had still been at the Quai d'Orsay. Laval would have bothered more than Flandin about Hitler's opinion, and would probably have given less encouragement than did Flandin to the Danubian scheme, detached as it was, on the face of it, from both Germany and Italy. Laval did not care for the Russians, was hardly on speaking terms with Titulescu, and would have been afraid of providing an excuse for an "encirclement" scare in Germany and for an "isolation" scare in Italy. Not that Flandin's—or one should perhaps say Titulescu's and Litvinov's—plans reached any very advanced stage in Paris. The Russo-Rumanian pact which would have marked the entry of Russia into the Danubian-cum-Balkan security system is still meeting with opposition from King Carol (this is too solemn an article to deal with the lighter side of Carol's stay in Paris); Starhemberg does not like the idea of either letting Russia take Italy's place as guarantor of Austria's independence, or of leaving Italy out in the cold altogether; and, anyway, the conversations were rather badly interfered with by the sudden arrival of the Archduke Otto.

In the matter of sanctions against Italy, Flandin does not seem to want to go any further than Laval—unless he is pushed by the British Government. After all, even Herriot, in spite of his attacks on Laval, declared himself the other day in favour of applying sanctions "cautiously." Germany is a different matter, for Germany threatens the peace of Europe and the very existence of France; and there is good reason for saying that if Germany attempts to repudiate the demilitarised zone (which she freely accepted), France will react very sharply, and make the most of the sanctions procedure provided in the Locarno Treaty. With Germany armed to the teeth the repudiation of Locarno would be an immensely serious matter for both France and England, not to mention Eastern Europe. On this point there must be no "concession" to Germany. Germany, in the eyes of the French, is no longer the under-dog to whom one has to be "fair." Her motives are too suspect.

Paris, February 11th. ALEXANDER WERTH

VALENTINE

In the past two weeks Customs authorities have seized and confiscated 783 crates of Italian cauliflowers, and 400 cases of Italian lemons.—News item.

"When the oil sanction is ceremonially interred . . . will begin the delicate business of re-cultivating Italian friendship in the true interests of Europe."—*Observer*, February 9th.

Fair Italy, where lemons grow,
Abjure thy marble pride;
Hearts that with timely rapture glow
Let not the Alps divide.
Our known necessities combine
To make thee now my Valentine.

Thy cauliflowers, as Cupid's pledge,
Each day I'll buy and boil;
No lemon sets my teeth on edge,
Sprung from thy sovereign soil.
Thy vegetables shall be mine
If thou wilt be my Valentine.

I faint for thy reviving touch—
Compare the daily press—
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour less.
Unmeasured petrol shall be thine
If thou wilt be my Valentine.

SAGITTARIUS

A LONDON DIARY

SIR ARNOLD WILSON loves Fascist dictators and, naturally enough, he has found everything perfectly splendid in Germany and Italy on his recent visits to Hitler and Mussolini. But his article in last Sunday's *Observer* was really a shock. I am not discussing some of his extraordinary propagandist statements. We are used to propaganda, but it is difficult not to characterise some of the statements in this article by a stronger term. I do not refer to the surprising assertion that "the British Embassy in Paris is strongly guarded by armed soldiers"—I suppose it must have been an unusual occasion when Sir Arnold Wilson called, since I presume he would not have said such a thing except on the testimony of his own eyes. But what reputable explanation can one give for the statements that "in London we can almost nowhere buy foreign newspapers" and that "there is no censorship to-day on British newspapers" in Italy? As to the first statement I can take Sir Arnold to a score of shops where he can buy foreign newspapers within a mile of Westminster, and as to the second I will content myself with giving the facts about Italian censorship. It has been officially announced that the only British daily papers allowed for open sale in Italy are the *Morning Post*, the *Daily Mail* and *Daily Express*. (Possibly Sir Arnold does not regard any others as "British"?) Many other papers do, it is true, get through spasmodically, because the police have discretion about letting them through. But they are all subject to censorship of the most rigorous kind and many of them are regularly kept from all public distribution.

* * *

No one could accuse Captain John Ball of lack of frankness when he appeared before the Arms Commission. He obviously enjoyed explaining the activities that had come to the notice of the United States arms inquiry. He was bursting with information about his request to his American agent to obtain financial facilities from the Federal War Department for the sale of British rifles to China. As a sub-agent for the British Government for the sale of surplus British rifles and as a trader in arms on his own account in all sorts of countries he could, I suspect, have given the Commission a lot more information if he had been asked. He would, I expect, have been able to tell us whether it is true, as I understand, that it was the short-lived arms embargo in 1932 which prevented this country receiving an £800,000 contract for rifles for China, and I should like to have asked him why the British Government recently intervened to persuade a large Swiss banking corporation not to provide the finance for a half-million munitions contract for use in a northern province of China. But the chief point that came out was very interesting in itself. Captain Ball is his own master and has stocks of reconditioned rifles in his Liège factory and ample sources of ammunition near at hand. There is apparently an unlimited demand for them. He purchases his arms from British manufacturers and as a British subject cannot export even from Belgium except with a British licence. If he cared to change his residence I suppose he could escape British Government control, but he prefers to remain British and keep in Belgium a stock whose destination can presumably at any time be settled by the British Government.

* * *

I very much hope that a pamphlet which I have just read in manuscript called *The People in Opposition* will soon be published in England. It is a careful, unemotional report by a German Communist living abroad who paid a visit to some of his friends who continue illegal opposition in Germany. I have never before read a document which gave me so keen a sense of the heroism of this opposition. I was particularly impressed by remarks about the way in which terrorism in time defeats its own ends, about the matter-of-fact way in which the arrest and death of friends is accepted, and about the new methods adopted by the Gestapo. The methods of obtaining information by torture from an arrested man have become far more efficient, and the least inadvertent hint can be used to wipe out an entire group of workers. The author gives examples of arrested men who have immediately committed suicide rather than run the risk of giving their friends away. The underground movement is still no doubt small, but that does not matter as long as it is persistent, and there are, apparently, always young men and women ready to step into the shoes of those who disappear. In propaganda all the old Socialist phraseology has been dropped; the same things are said but in Fascist jargon. The chief job of the illegal workers is to give expression in such form as they can to the general discontent of the mass of underpaid workers who would otherwise work off their feeling only in grumbling and disloyal jokes. At the moment the stock jokes are about butter. Göring's remark that "guns are more important than butter" is a natural subject for comment in the long queues that now wait at provision shops. A typical joke is "Have you heard the latest news? They have got butter queues in Moscow." Even better material was Goebbels' remark: "It is not our task to make butter, but to make history." The worker sitting down to dry bread at lunch asks his comrade: "What is on this bread?" His comrade replies: "History."

* * *

After the things that have appeared about him in the press, I do not see how the man called Lacroix or Vernon, who has been arrested in Paris on a charge of murdering Max Kassel, can receive a fair trial either in Paris or in London. It still is a fundamental rule of decent law—as opposed to Fascist law—that a man shall be reckoned innocent till proved guilty, and it is contempt of court for a newspaper to publish accounts of an accused man's misdeeds while his trial is in progress. Yet the *Times*, which is old enough to know better, published last week from Paris an account of Lacroix in terms which would certainly make up the mind of the average juryman before he hears any evidence. He is described as a "hardened criminal" who has been several times tried in French courts and sentenced on a third charge to seven years in the convict settlement in French Guiana, from which he escaped. "He stubbornly denies all the charges that have been brought against him, and maintains that his is a case of mistaken identity and that he will clear himself sooner or later. This has always been his attitude in his encounters with the law . . ." I daresay it's all quite true. But I should feel a bit of a hypocrite if I were the judge making the usual speech to the jury about approaching the case with an open mind and considering the evidence on its merits and without prejudice.

* * *

In the Mosley trial a doctor gave evidence that when he requested one of the police officers outside Olympia to do something to stop the violence that was going on, he was promptly told to go back to Moscow. If this police officer is typical it is to be assumed that in the eyes of the police any Communist is fair game and may be properly beaten up and that anyone who objects to Fascist violence must himself be a Communist.

* * *

I have always wanted to meet Grey Owl since I saw a film of him and his beavers some years ago. He has just completed a programme of two hundred and fifty lectures in this country and I was lucky to catch him before his return to Canada. He is, as far as I know, the only man of predominantly American Indian blood who has made much of a mark in the world in recent times. Why this should be I do not quite understand for there are still several hundred thousand American Indians and a mixture of Indian blood is socially regarded as a great asset. Indeed Grey Owl says that it is almost enough to get you into the Canadian *Who's Who* by itself. But apparently Indians suffer from that mysterious race disease which we sometimes call discouragement. The Indians are mainly trappers in the vast uncultivated areas of Canada, and Grey Owl, who is a government official with the job of looking after

the wild life of Canada, does not forget the livelihood of the Indians when he discusses the cruelties and the waste of the existing fur trade. He agrees that the right remedy is the development of the fur breeding industry: the animals can live happily and die painlessly for the greater comfort of civilised woman. But in that case what is to happen to the Indian trappers? The solution, says Grey Owl, is to leave them as the natural custodians of unspoilt Canada—unspoilt, that is, except where lumber traders are allowed to denude whole areas of their timber without control or commonsense. These huge areas are mainly useless for cultivation, and anyway there is too much cultivation already. But as a "national park"—to use a bad phrase which most quickly conveys the general idea—unspoilt Canada has great economic value. American visitors, Grey Owl tells me, already spend as much as $300,000 a year on their annual journeys to "undeveloped" Canada. About the spiritual value of having magnificent tracts of country free from development and exploitation I need say nothing.

* * *

We have heard much of the "King's weather" during the last year. I am interested to see that the royal touch (believed to have gone out with Queen Anne) has also cropped up again. I take this from the *Daily Express*:

> The Rev. David Paterson, preaching in Edinburgh yesterday:—"King George when in Edinburgh on one occasion passed a poor cripple on two crutches. He laid his hand upon his head and said 'Courage, my boy. You will perhaps be able to walk all right yet.'
>
> "It is sometimes said that in a King's hand there is healing. The boy did get better and was able to walk."

* * *

I can think of no apter comment on the controversy about the Olympic games and the German attitude to the Jews than the following item of news from the *Daily Telegraph*:

> Care has been taken to protect the Spanish team from any unpleasantness owing to their non-Nordic features. Orders were circulated privately to German players and visitors that all anti-Jewish feelings and comment should be reserved for the time when the Olympic games are over.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. H. J. Jones.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. Rogers said he did not think it true to say that men engaged in private trade were guided by the profit motive.—Report of Arms inquiry in *Daily Telegraph*.

History shows that out of every war some great blessing is born. Out of the Crimean War we got nursing, led by Florence Nightingale. Out of the Boer War we got the Scout movement by Lord Baden Powell. Out of the Great War we have Toc H, by the Rev. T. Clayton, and appreciated by His Majesty King Edward VIII.—Letter in *Derby Telegraph*.

"Perhaps you will allow me to say," he said, "that I do not regard trade with Russia as being contrary to any moral code."—Mr. Runciman reported in *Morning Post*.

During the past two years mothers in Great Britain, Holland, Germany and New Zealand have had quadruplets, while in America the Dionne quintuplets were born. There was also a record number of twins and triplets born during the same period. Is this nature's method of avenging birth control?—Letter in *News Chronicle*.

But the best of all reading aloud is done by two people out of one book. It may be Shakespeare, or Shaw, or *The Golden Treasury*, or what you will, provided the volume is snatched from hand to hand and voices ring with enthusiasm, while the smoke-laden air grows blue, night lightens into morning, and the fire goes out.—Letter in the *Times*.

Can anyone tell a girl on tenterhooks, the object of whose affections will be abroad till next month, whether Woman's Privilege to Propose in Leap Year lasts for a whole year, or is confined to February 29?—Personal advertisement in *Morning Post*.

"The public," said the General, "probably judged the inhumanity of mustard gas by recollections of Sargent's picture of men blinded at Ypres, but this was 'a masterpiece of sloppy sentimentalism.'"—*Star*.

There are vulpecides in every foxhunting country and every year the Master goes through periods of wounded pride . . . —*Times*.

The novel has a quality of sharp and vivid actuality which continually brings to mind familiar passages of Icelandic poetry.—*Times Literary Supplement*.

MR. KEYNES BEATS THE BAND

UNEMPLOYMENT is, in the view of most people, the disease that is threatening our present capitalist societies with destruction. There are, indeed, some who protest that unemployment is not an evil, but will be a positive good as soon as we consent to convert it into leisure and to distribute it aright among the whole people. And there are others who maintain that unemployment is not a disease, but only a symptom of something far more deeply wrong with the economic systems under which we live. But against the apostles of leisure commonsense urges that, until most people are a good deal richer than today, most of them will prefer more goods to more leisure if they are given the choice. And against those who regard unemployment as no more than a symptom, it can fairly be argued that the distinction between symptom and disease is not so absolute as rhetoric can make it appear.

At all events, most statesmen and most economists profess to be in search of a cure for unemployment, and to regard this quest as at any rate one of the most important economic ends. The trouble is that they differ profoundly about the methods that are calculated to secure their object. Of late years quite a chorus of voices—from the City, from the business world, and from the academic groves of Cambridge and London—has been assuring us that the abnormally high unemployment of post-war years is the consequence chiefly of the "rigidity" of wages—that is, of the folly of workmen, under Trade Union influences, in valuing their labour at higher rates than the market will bear. Let wages fall, till they coincide with the "marginal productivity" of the last labourer, and all will be well. So we have been told, with so much punditory self-assurance that it has been quite difficult for the plain man, confronted with a series of unintelligible equations, not to begin thinking that it may perhaps be true.

There have been, of course, other voices—Mr. J. A. Hobson's for example—preaching a very different doctrine, and telling us that "under-consumption" is at the root of all our difficulties. What is wanted, on this showing, is more consuming power; for ultimately the entire volume of economic activity is necessarily limited by consumption. Investment is useless, unless there is a market for the consumers' goods which it can be applied to making; for *all* demand is, in the last resort, a demand for goods and services to be consumed. But these voices, in respectable circles, have been drowned by the outraged clamour of the orthodox. "Under-consumption" has remained a disreputable heresy; and of late, though Marx himself can be quoted on its side, Communist Marxists, such as Mr. John Strachey, have denounced it with hardly less gusto than they have directed against the more orthodox view—presumably because, when they are dealing with capitalist or other non-Marxist economists, they work on the principle of "the horrider, the better."

But now there comes, from one who is no Socialist and is

indisputably one of the world's leading economists trained in the classical tradition, a book which with all the armoury of the classical method pushes at one blow off their pedestals all the classical deities from Ricardo to Wicksell, and all their attendant self-canonised sprites from Vienna and the London School, and puts in their vacant places not indeed Marx, but Mr. J. A. Hobson and the late Silvio Gesell.* For Mr. J. M. Keynes, after many uneasy years of wandering amid the classical abstractions—years whose *stigmata* are still upon him —has discovered that after all, in the matters which practically matter most, Ricardo and Vienna and London and Cambridge have all this time been talking nonsense, whereas Gesell and Hobson (and Malthus in his most maligned moments) have had hold of the right end of the stick.

Mr. Keynes is evidently conscious of the supreme challenge which his new book offers to the entire economic practice of Capitalism, and to the relevance and conclusiveness of the fundamental economic theories put forward by most of his academic colleagues. Otherwise, he would hardly have published at five shillings a book of nearly four hundred pages which most trained economists will find stiff reading and most other people at some points wholly beyond their comprehension. By putting the book forward at such a price, Mr. Keynes is saying in effect: "This is no ordinary book. It is a book that *has* to be understood because it really matters. It marks an epoch in economic thought." And, in claiming this, Mr. Keynes is, without the smallest shadow of doubt, absolutely right. His new book is the most important theoretical economic writing since Marx's *Capital*, or, if only classical economics is to be considered as comparable, since Ricardo's *Principles*.

In the challenge which Mr. Keynes has thrown down to his orthodox colleagues, there are, of course, many elements that are not new. Indeed, Mr. Keynes's most signal service is that he has brought together, co-ordinated and rationalised many criticisms of orthodoxy which have hitherto been ineffective because they have been disjointed and unrelated to any clear body of fundamental theory. There are many points, at which Mr. Keynes's alternative construction is open to challenge. But it does give the critics of economic orthodoxy solid ground on which they can set their feet.

There is no space here for more than the briefest indication of Mr. Keynes's arguments. His book is in form chiefly an attempt to determine the underlying conditions which, in a capitalistically organised society, determine the actual volume of unemployment. The classical economists, either explicitly or more often by implication, have been accustomed to set out from the assumption of "full employment" as normal, and to prove their general theories without regard to the possibility of variations in total employment, treating the actual occurrence of unemployment as a deviation from the normal, due to some exceptional factor such as monetary mismanagement or the rigidity of wages. Mr. Keynes himself, in his earlier writings, had not got far from this method, though his explanation was different, for he formerly traced unemployment largely to divergences between the "natural" and the market rates of interest. But he has now seen that, for the economic system as it is, "full employment" cannot be treated as normal, and that the problem is to devise an economic order which will secure "equilibrium" on a basis of "full employment" and not by preventing booms at the cost of making semi-depression permanent.

Mr. Keynes now sees the factor which determines the total volume of employment under capitalism as the maintenance of investment at an adequate level. This seems, at first sight, to put him sharply in opposition to the "under-consumptionists"; but actually it makes him their ally. For the will to invest depends, in Mr. Keynes's phrase, on the "marginal efficiency of capital," which may be roughly translated as the marginal expectation of profit from investment over its entire life, as far as this is actually taken into account by the investor. This expectation, however, depends absolutely on the demand for consumers' goods; and accordingly the maintenance of investment at a satisfactory level depends on the maintenance of consumption.

In orthodox theories, consumption and investment stand in an antithetical relation. But Mr. Keynes is able to show the falsity of this view, except on the assumption that the available productive resources are being fully employed. More consumption, he shows, stimulates more investment, as well as more investment more consumption, up to the point at which full employment has been secured. In his earlier work, Mr. Keynes stressed the difference between "saving," which is mere abstinence from consumption, and investment, which is the positive use of the "saving" in the creation of capital. He now re-states his doctrine, so as to emphasise that, while from the collective standpoint "saving" and "investment" must be equal (for the only way of *really* saving is to invest), the processes of individual saving and individual investment are wholly distinct. Accordingly, the attempts of individuals to save can, from the social point of view, be rendered wholly abortive by the failure of entrepreneurs to borrow these savings and apply them to real investment; and this failure, wherever it occurs, is bound to cause unemployment.

Mr. Keynes believes that failure of this sort is an inherent defect of the present economic system, and that it can be cured only by public action, taking at least three related forms. He wants the State to control the supply of money so as to secure its adequacy for maintaining full employment; and this involves a repudiation of the gold standard, or of any fixed international monetary standard, and also a decisive repudiation of all those economists who wish to stabilise the supply of money. Secondly, he wants the State to control the rates of interest (mainly by adjusting the supply of money) in order to keep these rates down to a point which will make investment worth while up to the level of "full employment." This involves a complete repudiation of the orthodox view that interest rates are self-adjusting to a "natural" level. Thirdly, he wants the State largely to take over, or at any rate control, the amount and direction of investment, with the object of maintaining full employment on the basis of a balanced economic development.

These are Mr. Keynes's most fundamental points of advocacy. But perhaps most attention of all will be popularly focused on his views about wages. For he reduces to sheer absurdity the prevalent view that lower wages are a cure for unemployment. He begins by pointing out that this view rests on a fundamental confusion of thought between money wages and real wages. It assumes that, broadly, these can be spoken of together, and that if workmen could be persuaded to accept lower money wages, their real wages would fall. Actually, he points out, real wages have often risen when money wages have been reduced, and he offers reasons why this should be so. The reduction in money wages, unless it is expected to be soon reversed, sets up an expectation of falling costs and prices which positively discourages investment by reducing the "marginal efficiency of capital." Thus, instead of increasing employment, it reduces it, even if it raises the real wages of those who remain in work. Mr. Keynes considers that the tendency of Trade Unions to keep up money wages in times of depression is positively good for the capitalist system, and makes the depression less severe than it would be if the workmen yielded to the blandishments of Professor Robbins and his like.

There is in Mr. Keynes's challenge an enormous amount more than it has been possible even to mention in this necessarily brief summary of his central argument. But enough has been said to show that the book is one which must, sooner or later, cause every orthodox text-book to be fundamentally re-written. It is true that Mr. Keynes's conclusion is not that we should destroy the system of "private enterprise," but only that we should drastically re-fashion it. Mr. Keynes rejects complete Socialism, and looks forward to a society in which private and collective enterprise will live together, but the *rentier* class will have practically disappeared—for the maintenance of full employment with the aid of investment

* *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*. By J. M. Keynes. *Macmillan*. 5s.

kept up to the requisite point by State action will, he thinks, reduce the rate of interest almost to vanishing point. But this part of his argument is but briefly sketched in his closing chapter and is not a necessary deduction from his analysis. What he has done, triumphantly and conclusively, is to demonstrate the falsity, even from a capitalist standpoint, of the most cherished practical " morals " of the orthodox economists and to construct an alternative theory of the working of capitalist enterprise so clearly nearer to the facts that it will be impossible for it to be ignored or set aside.

G. D. H. COLE

COLD

THE owl for all his feathers was a-cold. Even so, I envied him his feathers as I lay in bed and thought of the bleak and bitter February morning outside into which I should before long have to go. How pleasant to be so well clad by nature as not to have to get up and dress! The owl has only to make up his mind to go out in order to open his wings and to be off through the window. I, on the other hand, in the same circumstances, am at once reminded that nature has left me inadequately clothed for an English February. As I lie in bed, clad in pyjamas so ridiculous as a protection against cold that if I went out in them I should probably be refused admission to buses as a madman, I have first of all to resolve to leave the comfort of sheets and blankets for the chilly air of the waking world that even a gasfire can do little to temper. My courage reinforced by a dressing-gown, I have then to hasten down the ice-cold stairs to the bathroom. Here I remove what warmth of beard and whisker nature has grown for me during the last twenty-four hours and, having done so, step into the bath, utterly garmentless, the most unprotected animal in creation. Later, I resume pyjamas and dressing-gown and climb the cold stairs again. Immediately, more discarding of garments and more donning of different garments are necessary, shirt, trousers, waistcoat, woolly waistcoat and jacket—you would think that with all this weight of vesture a man might face the North Pole. But no. Down the frosty stairs again, and stouter shoes must be put on my feet, still another coat must be added to the weight on my shoulders, a heavy hat must be set on my head, my hands must be protected by gloves, and my throat with a muffler. And even then when I open the front door and face a black wind that seems to be coming straight from the cold stone of Hell, I do not believe that I am as warm as an owl in his feathers.

I go into the tobacconist's and have to open my coat and take off one of my gloves in order to reach my money. The coins feel like discs of ice in the fingers. I transfer a few of them to a ticket pocket so that I may not have to open my coat so wide when searching later on for my bus fare. On the bus I take off a glove again and feel for two pennies. They are so extraordinarily cold that I feel sorry for the conductor who has to handle zero-cold coins all day long. " My hands are like ice," he says to me, and the top of the bus becomes Siberia. Yet he is not wearing an overcoat. How I hate the cold! For this is not the exhilarating cold of snow or hoar-frost. It is the wicked, windy cold that comes from a black hole. It is a cold that you can not only feel but see and hear in all its hatefulness. It penetrates closed windows in mocking draughts. It wails like a banshee through suburban gardens. It blots out the beauty of earth and sky. It is a cold that makes one jealous of the hibernating animals. There are certain days on which it is scarcely worth while being alive. Such days usually occur in February.

Yet there was a time when I did not greatly mind the cold. The east wind and the west wind were alike to me, and I could keep reasonably warm even without an overcoat. If I were living in the country to-day I might still feel my spirits rising as I looked out and saw that the earth was frost-bound. That however, would be for selfish reasons. I should be thinking of all the execution the frost was doing among the million pests that threatened my apple-trees and the crops I meant to grow in my garden. I should, in the most modern spirit, welcome frost as the perfect liquidator. In earlier life, however, one's attitude to frost is aesthetic rather than utilitarian. When one is a child, one can quite understand how frost came to be personified as Jack Frost—a genial figure. Even the touch of ice—the first ice that has formed in the water-barrel in the yard—is delightful. To-day, as a townsman, I abominate snow, white frost and black frost; but forty or fifty years ago they were all as pleasant to me as the sun of a summer day. No pictures that one sees in later life, I imagine, seem lovelier than the pictures made by frost on the nursery window-pane. Those feathery patterns are not associated with coldness, but with extreme delight. And to go out into the chill of the air is no punishment but an escape into a winter paradise. Every flagstone in the pavement has been transformed into a slide. The frost on the palings invites caressing fingers. In the country there is—or was—the added pleasure of going off with one of the horses to have its shoes " sharped " at the blacksmith's shop. Of all the sacrifices that have been made to progress, there is none that I grudge more than the blacksmith's shop. One could understand how the ancients came to look on the smith as a magician. His blazing forge, his anvil on which he could strike sparks from fiery iron, his great hairy forearms, his way with horses, all helped to suggest that he was outside the run of common men. And how he rejoiced in his labour as he prepared the feet of horses so that they could trot safely on icy roads! I never knew a low-spirited blacksmith, though the one I knew best had intervals of madness. But, in spite of the fact that I sometimes wondered whether he would suddenly go mad while I was there, I would have gone miles to see him on a frosty morning.

And who but one approaching the semi-senility of middle age could easily grow tired of sliding across a horse-pond? Or of seeing other people sliding—country labourers launching themselves on to the ice in their great heavy-nailed boots—turning in involuntary circles and tumbling disastrously in the arms of a too impetuous overtaker? There is one thing to be said in favour of the human being: he is the only animal that seems to enjoy sliding. See a flock of geese trying to preserve their dignity as they walk across the frozen pond. Each of them, as its legs shoot from under it with disastrous results, looks as surprised as Charlie Chaplin when a beam falls on his head. Even the fiercest gander loses most of his masculine overweeningness when he finds himself involuntarily sitting on his tail. Man alone has been able to turn helplessness into a grace—to realise that, though the ice makes it difficult for him to walk, it makes it easier for him to move still faster and in a far more exhilarating fashion.

The pleasure of skating—which is the perfection of sliding—is so boundless that I could almost sympathise with the point of view of anyone who wished that it would freeze all the year round. Its pleasure, like the pleasure of golf, does not depend on the expertness of the performer. The bad skater may have his moments of jealousy when he sees feats of genius going on all around him on the ice and knows that he himself is doomed for ever to the monotony of the inside edge. But he has only to set off in the swirl of skaters to feel the heart in his breast singing—a man endowed with new powers, with the lightness almost of a spirit. I skated assiduously during only one winter, but what a winter it was—a winter that froze first the flooded meadows and ponds, then the canal, and finally the waters on the edge of the immense Lough Neagh! Never did threatening thaw turn back into chilly frost but a new warmth of happiness flowed through the veins of everybody but the aged. Midnight always came hours too soon. I do not know whether it is possible ever to grow tired of skating. Not, I imagine, in a world in which the day lasts only twenty-four hours. Yet I myself never advanced beyond the inside edge and a modest Dutch roll.

Even as I remember those raptures under the stars, the London air seems to grow warmer or, at least, less male-

ficently cold. I have been suffering during the week, I tell myself, not from the weather but from middle age. I know, too, that if we had been going through a heat-wave instead of a cold-snap, my complaint would have been equally bitter. Being middle-aged, I crave for a golden mediocrity in weather—a Laodicean compromise between heat and cold. If I were a skater or a sun-bather, I might feel differently. Speaking as a sedentary middle-aged townsman, however, I must say that I found the early part of this week damnably cold.

Y. Y.

THE ARYAN CREED

[TO BE RECITED IN ALL PLACES WHERE THE ELECT ASSEMBLE]

WE hold it as self-evident
That all men were born
Free and equal
With the exception of
Dagos, wops, Jews, coolies, chinks and niggers
And women who smoke in public.
And we hereby highly resolve
That these latter should
Forever hold their peace
Or get to hell out of it
So that government
Of the people
For the people
By the right people
Shall not perish from the earth.

G. L. S.

Correspondence

POLICY AND ARMAMENTS

SIR,—As a veteran reader of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I have acquired a warm affection for its dear old crotchety ways. Yet there are moments when I ask myself whether consistent bad temper is the only form of consistency at which an intelligent newspaper need aim. I feel indeed that there are occasions when your readers, however loyal they may be, would be grateful if you would refrain from being cross about so many things at the same time. Your issue of February 8th was one of such occasions.

There are, I believe, many thousand serious people in this country who look to you for guidance in times of perplexity. Never has the international situation been so perplexing. Yet so noble was your rage last week that you forgot all about guidance, consistency or even average logic.

All reasonable people are deeply troubled by the present pacifist dilemma. Are they to agree with Mr. Lansbury that there is no such thing as righteous force and that this country should disarm as an example of enlightened powerlessness? Or are they to take the view that, faced as we are by the menace of three aggressive countries, the defensive countries should arm to the extent which would render their union under the League of Nations overwhelming and as such deterrent? There is much to be said for either of these arguments; there is nothing to be said for a fusion of the two.

In your issue of February 8th you seem to incline towards some such fusion. On the one hand you deride all armaments, even to the point of defining gas-masks as "just a cruel ramp." On the other hand, you urge "resolute action" in the Ethiopian affair, and ask the Government to intimate to Germany that an attack on Russia would provoke the "active hostility of this country" leading to "effective and wholehearted measures by the League."

What, if I may ask so impertinent a question, do you mean? If our hostility to all those who assail holy Russia or menace the League is to be "active" and "effective" we must be prepared for war; if such a war is to attain its objects we must arm at the cost of something between one hundred and two hundred million pounds? Does the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION advocate such armament? If not, then it should refrain from implying that our hostility to aggression could ever, by any other means, be rendered effective.

HAROLD NICOLSON

Sissinghurst Castle, Kent.

[We reply to this letter in our leading article this week. On the gas mask point Critic says: "I am in favour of any genuine protection. But I object to fraud."—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

SIR,—I would address the authors of schemes for the protection of the civil population in aerial gas attacks in these terms:

"Please, you gentlemen in high places, who busy yourselves in making complex plans and inventing ingenious devices for our protection—please do not trouble. It is not worth it to us. When all rational efforts towards preserving peace by positive means—that is by means other than fear and defence—have failed, then we shall be glad to go from a society which thus proves itself psychotic. We may hope that the poison gases are inadvertently humane, rapid as well as complete in their effectiveness. But you, gentlemen, do not trouble with your plans, for you do us no kindness; and we feel it cannot be for your good to dwell on such hideous eventualities."

JANET GALLOWAY

RE-APPEARANCE OF SIN IN RUSSIA

SIR,—I think Mr. Joad, in his article on "The Re-appearance of Sin in Russia," has greatly over-stated the Puritanical element in present-day life in the U.S.S.R. It is true that many of the members of the Young Communist Party do not approve of smoking or of making-up. But that does not prevent the enormous majority of feminine Muscovites from doing both, as I can certify after two months spent in Moscow last summer, mainly in that vantage ground for observation, the Central Park of Culture and Rest.

Some of Mr. Joad's examples of Puritanism would sound to Russians like fantastic jokes. Mr. Joad remarks on the cruelty of sending people in rest houses to bed at 11 o'clock. To members of the Soviet colony in London, used to a night life in Moscow lasting till 2 or 3 a.m., one of the most marked differences between the two towns is the amazingly early hour at which London goes dead and dull. The fact that in Soviet rest houses there are rules about bed-time is the result not of Puritanism but of the organisational necessities consequent on two or three hundred people living together in conditions similar to those in our sanatoria.

The absence of public spooning is also to my mind an unfortunate instance. Surely it is due not to Puritanism, but directly to the lack of it. The immense majority of Russians still mate very young—even during their student years (Mr. and Mrs. Webb remark on the special facilities afforded to married couples in students' hostels). They consequently from an early age live a satisfied sexual life and do not feel the same urge to experimental philandering as the more inhibited and immature English youth. The same phenomenon—the absence of public spooning—is to be remarked in France, which can hardly be accused of Puritanism.

Increasingly the attitude of the Russian Communist Party, like that of the Roman Catholic Church, is not to expect more from the ordinary man than the ordinary man is willing to give. He is not asked to forgo pleasures which are pursued purely for pleasure's sake. He and she may freely foxtrot, smoke and make-up, all pursuits which are simply amoral from the Communist point of view. But, on the other hand, scope is given to the spiritual athletes who are called to the vocation of leadership (to use the Webbs' magnificent phrase). They have no time or energies left for pleasure for pleasure's sake, and may indeed be called upon to sacrifice a serious part of their personal lives in return for the honour and glory of being at the helm in directing the State towards the goal of Communism.

Felix Cottage, Whiteleaf, Bucks. M. ELIZABETH GOW

SIR,—Mr. Joad has made out a case against what he believes are Puritanical restrictions in Soviet society, but he has not made it out of representative examples. Reading and three fairly protracted visits to the Soviet Union have convinced me that there is no wholesale imposition of moral standards there. Mr. Joad implies that certain standards are being foisted on the people. It is true that Soviet leaders have encouraged certain qualities in their speeches and discouraged others (Stalin's famous speech on "Style in the Work"). But the generally accepted morality is not imposed; it grows naturally out of the changing lives of the people. If man's behaviour is more or less determined by his social environment you would expect to find a very different ethic in a Socialist country. Perhaps I might mention that I was

married in Russia and had the opportunity of noticing subtle differences in the behaviour of my companions which tourists would be likely to miss.

We can only explain other people's manners in terms of what we are familiar with. Most of us are brought up in the bourgeois ethics of the family, private property, etc., with their Kantian imperatives. It is, therefore, like breathing a different sort of air when you are transferred to a world where private property does not exist, where the family is a different sort of institution altogether, and many of our sources of anxiety (unemployment, fear of the master, frustration) are gone for good. The Russian working class, like any other, had different notions about life from the beginning. The mental and moral emancipation which accompanied the material Revolution took exaggerated forms at first. Now they are beginning to know what they want. "Life is becoming merry." A new morality is growing up. It is true that the Russian worker just does not want to kiss his wife in the street. But, on the other hand, you will see them going into the factory or walking into their office arm-in-arm. A glutton or a drunkard is considered weak, possibly unwell. Prisons are hospitals. As in public so in private life the Soviet citizens have their own manners. They are not ascetics, for they see no sense in mortifying the flesh, but they look down on over-indulgence. They have learnt the value of restraint.

I believe that if honest seekers for the "good life" could come into touch with the working class in this country they would find, half-unconscious but strongly defined, moral qualities of a new kind. They would discover the beginnings of Socialist morality.

Paragon Buildings, Walworth, S.E.17. G. A. AMBERLEY

[We hold over for reasons of space a large number of interesting letters on this subject. We expect next week to publish a reply to Mr. Joad from Mr. Louis Fischer, who can speak from long and intimate knowledge of Soviet development.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING

SIR,—Irishmen, irrespective of party, who desire the restoration and maintenance of neighbourly relations with the British people must welcome the sympathetic interest in our affairs displayed in Mr. W. Horsfall Carter's article on Irish Housekeeping. At the same time, it must be said at once that he presents a completely misleading picture of the real situation.

It is not at all clear whether the favourable impression he received and conveys refers to the social and cultural aspects of our national effort, to which "it is futile to apply the standards of economic orthodoxy," or whether his admiration also extends to our doings in the domain to which strictly economic criteria are appropriate. The function of the economist in relation to the former is to whisper that even social and cultural values have an economic cost, and that to estimate it beforehand is an elementary dictate of prudence.

"Expenditure on social services amounts to £7,500,000 a year." According to calculations of mine which appeared in the *Economic Journal* of September, 1934 (their substantial accuracy has never been challenged), over 200,000 "persons occupied in agriculture" had in 1933 a net *money* income of about £15,000,000, and the position was little, if any, better in 1934 and 1935. Doubtless our small farmers and agricultural labourers benefit to a considerable extent from the expenditure of that £7,500,000 (there is a limit beyond which it is impolitic to strain the instinct of political sadism), but the position of our all-important agricultural industry as a whole is not compatible with the continued maintenance of the philanthropic activities to which the State is at present committed.

Coming now to the more mundane economic domain, one is astounded at the suggestion that to concentrate on animal husbandry is uneconomic, when every practical farmer and economist knows that animal husbandry is more profitable (or less unprofitable) than cereal production under normal modern conditions, unless we are to regard beet and wheat schemes, and the like, as normal in the New Era. Are Irish farmers to give up cattle, pigs, and poultry, and compete with overseas agriculture in the production of wheat and oats for export, especially as "the idea of indulging in large scale mechanised farming" is taboo? If we confine our agriculture to tillage and our tillage to production for the home market, we shall till 200,000 acres *less* than we did in 1931, disorganise the relation between root crop and cereal acreage, with disastrous results to the fertility of our soil, and relegate millions of acres of pasture land to gorse and thistles.

"The importation of animal feeding-stuffs is controlled," writes Mr. Carter with obvious approval. It is quite true, and the result is that about £100 a year may be said to be added to the costs of production on a poultry farm of 2,000 hens. Also, the import of maize is disappearing rapidly, and so too are the hens, and the specialised poultry farms. Is Mr. Carter prepared to argue that a *fall* in the import of raw cotton is an index of the *increasing* prosperity of Lancashire, or that Lancashire should abandon "Victorian delusions" and short-circuit a lot of useless international trade by taking up the production of raw cotton for her mills and factories?

Flour-milling is certainly a triumph of the new economics. Like the pre-revolutionary French peasant we are all now compelled to grind our corn in local mills, and the economic result is much the same. One would like to see the income tax returns of our "jolly millers" in order to test the truth of a rumour that a certain firm which made a profit of £10,000 a year a few years ago is now making £40,000.

It must not be thought that our Government desires or intends all the results of its actions. Many of them are quite sincerely deplored by its members. But, in active co-operation with the British Government, it has set in motion certain powerful forces, now rather out of hand, which are grinding out a new distribution of the national wealth. It is not a bit more equitable than the one which is being replaced, and in the process the nation as a whole is being impoverished.

No one in his senses now sets out to enrich himself by *adding* to the sum of goods and services enjoyed by his fellows. The procedure of so-called private enterprise is to secure in the first instance, from a complacent government, a position of economic privilege, which amounts to a right of private taxation. Having created an artificial scarcity by excluding competitive goods the new industry then proceeds to fill part of the gap until the demand is "satisfied" at the usually higher price. Thus, behind the façade of apparent prosperity, so deceptive to many observers, a process of wastage and decay is, in fact, taking place. To explain the matter more fully would exceed the limits of your space. Suffice it to say that our economic life as a whole has assumed some of the characteristics of a sweepstake. There are valuable prizes in it for the fortunate few, but impoverishment and disillusionment await the many. Victims of a kind of economic atavism, we are driven along, we know not whither, by the furies and follies of a past history, Irish and European, that has attained an unblessed resurrection. The term social philosophy is too good for these emotional social dynamics, and in any case they are not of a kind of which either Karl Marx or the Pope would approve.

Trinity College, Dublin. JOSEPH JOHNSTON

SENTENCES OF DEATH

SIR,—Last week a woman, on her second trial, was condemned to death in London for the murder of her seventeen-months old son. She had asphyxiated him with a scarf and then wheeled his body to a hospital where she herself collapsed, suffering from aspirin poisoning. In accordance with the law she was tried for the crime of wilful murder. Evidence was given in the course of the trial that she had been a devoted mother and had "worshipped her son." On the facts the jury found her guilty of wilful murder, but, moved by the pitiful circumstances, added a strong recommendation to mercy. The judge in the discharge of his duty had no option but to don the black cap and pronounce the dread words of the death sentence. More humane than the law which compelled him to adopt its ritual and repeat its formula, he tried to comfort the woman in the dock by stating that the strong recommendation to mercy would be "forwarded to the proper quarter and every possible weight given to it."

Two days later it was made known that the Home Secretary had recommended a reprieve and the King's clemency had been granted. The speed with which Sir John Simon has acted in this case is a tribute to his humanity and is in welcome contrast to the procrastination of one of his predecessors who allowed a mentally deficient woman to lie in the condemned cell for thirteen days. But it must not blind us to the iniquity of continuing a cruel and useless practice. This type of case comes before our courts frequently, and as the law stands, the accused must be proceeded against for wilful murder; in the event of conviction the sentence of death must follow. In recent times it has been the unvarying practice of successive Home Secretaries to recommend a reprieve, and it is now well recognised that in such cases reprieve is really automatic.

What purpose then is served by compelling reluctant juries and judges to deliver, and wretched women to receive, the dreadful

verdict and sentence of death? Everybody associated with the case, except probably the poor half-demented creature in the dock, is aware that the evil thing is a legal formality compelled because the letter of the law lags behind the advance of our humane modern opinion. The continuance of this barbarity cannot be justified either in reason or expediency.

Steps will be taken shortly in Parliament to urge on the Home Secretary an extension of the provisions of the Infanticide Act to bring such cases within its scope and thus abolish the present procedure. Sir John Simon has already shown a humanity of outlook and readiness for change which inspires reformers with hope. It may stimulate him to a speedy decision if the large numbers in all parts of the country of those who are revolted by the futile cruelty of the present practice were to address him at the Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.1, urging on him the need for a change in the law as indicated above.

This question does not raise the issue of the continuance of the death penalty, and the change in the law proposed is supported by very many who know the facts but who would take a different view on the wider issue.

JOHN PATON,
Secretary
National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty,
Parliament Mansions,
Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF MONARCHY

SIR,—Hubert Tatlock's letter is most welcome. Practically everyone to whom I have spoken on this question has expressed the opinion that the B.B.C. and the press bored and irritated all thinking people with their endless exaggerated eulogies of the late King.

I am not a republican, and agree that the funeral of the late King should have been characterised by dignity and respect. If the proceedings in this country had taken place in Japan, in connection with the funeral of the Mikado, we should have held up our hands in horror at the worship of their ruler almost as a divinity.

The character of all these proceedings shows two facts which are both disturbing to all true democrats:

(1) The ease with which the inhabitants of this country can be swept back into the middle ages of belief despite the education of our schools.

(2) The enormous power of the B.B.C. and the press, in imposing certain emotional appeals on an unthinking people.

Can we through greater study of Psychology, so educate the people that they can be protected against the unhealthy influence of such exaggerated propaganda on the herd mind?

HARRISON BARROW
40 Weoley Park Road,
Selly Oak, Birmingham.

THE ORIGIN OF A JOKE

SIR,—"Critic" states that "a cultivated Hindu official" replied to some descriptions of the Life Hereafter that "though 'Heaven lies about us in our infancy' he could not see why we should lie about Heaven in our middle age."

The point that is not made clear is that this bright remark was not original. It was first made by John (afterwards Lord) Morley in a correspondence with (I think) Oscar Browning on the subject of Immortality. It seems unfair to deprive Lord Morley of the credit due to him.

HUGH E. MCCOLL
Lytton Lodge, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire.

Miscellany

BOUVARD AND PÉCUCHET*

MADAME CAROLINE COMMANVILLE, in her *Souvenirs Intimes*, has told us how the idea of this novel first came to Flaubert. He was seated with his friend, the poet Bouilhet, on a street-bench in Rouen facing the workhouse, and they were amusing themselves with dreams of what they would one day be, fantasticating a little, when suddenly both exclaimed: "Who knows but we too may end up like these decrepits in the workhouse." And they began to imagine the friendship of two clerks, their lives together, their retirement, an old age declining in sadness. It was to be a novel of about forty pages, of the same proportions as his tale, *A Simple Soul*, and not perhaps more complicated. But the idea grew. The *deux bonshommes*, so dear to Flaubert, became copying-clerks who, after a retirement in which they heroically try their hands at everything, return to copying. That is the set of the story as we have it now. The nine years spent in writing it transformed a chapter of accidents, a delightful Laurel-and-Hardy comedy, into the strangest, and one of the greatest, epics of modern times.

Bouvard and Pécuchet retire, but only to be born again. With their freedom and the windfall of a legacy they engage in a furious search for knowledge. Agriculture, medicine, gardening, theology, magnetism, astronomy, chemistry, gymnastics, literature, education, cranioscopy, archaeology, history, politics—hardly a question that escapes their investigation; and at every turn they encounter stupidity and contradiction; the authorities differ, the two pilgrims bump to earth.

As the reader will discover, it is not the story—excellent though that is—but the subject which matters. To this Flaubert had given years of thought. He studied the *bourgeois*, his mannerisms, his environment, his code, as a biologist might observe the habits of chimpanzees; and the results of this study are contained in two large dossiers, the *Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues* and the *Sottisier*, which he used as text-books for writing his novels. The first is a collection of accepted ideas on all subjects, which display, without the intervention of the author, the good fellowship, mean common sense and superstition of a whole society.

BUSINESS: Always comes first.—A woman should avoid speaking of hers.—The most important thing in life.—Nothing else matters.

ACTRESSES: The ruin of sons of families.—Are terrifyingly lubricious, go in for orgies, squander millions (end up in the poorhouse).—Excuse me, there are some who make excellent mothers!

BEARD: Sign of strength.—An excess of beard makes the hair fall.—Useful for the protection of ties.

CHAMPAGNE: Characterises the special occasion.—Pretend to detest it, saying that "it is not a wine."—Rouses the enthusiasm of the small fry.—Russia consumes more than France.—By means of it French ideas have spread through Europe.—Under the Regency no one did anything except drink it.—(But one does not drink, one "sips" it.)

CORNS (on the feet): Indicate a change of the weather, better than the barometer.—Very dangerous when badly cut; quote examples of terrible accidents.

PROSTITUTES: A necessary evil.—The safeguard of our daughters and our sisters (so long as there are bachelors).—Or else: they should be pitilessly driven off the streets.—One cannot go out with one's wife because of their presence on the boulevards.—Are always the children of working-class women debauched by rich men.

RIDING ON HORSEBACK: Good exercise for getting thin. Example: all soldiers in the cavalry are thin.—For putting on weight. Example: all cavalry officers have a big belly.

IMMORALITY: The pronouncement of this word elevates the person who utters it.

INSCRIPTION: Always cuneiform.

ITALY: Should be seen immediately after marriage.—Is full of disappointments, not so beautiful as they say.

So much for the bourgeois in life. In literature Flaubert pursued him through newspapers and popular handbooks into the pages of the masters. No one is exempt from the blight.

Shakespeare himself, coarse as he was, was not without reading and knowledge. (La Harpe, *Introduction de Cours Littéraire*).

In Egypt the women used publicly to prostitute themselves to the crocodiles. (Proudhon, *De la Celebration de Dimanche*).

The melon has been divided into slices so that it can be eaten by the family; the pumpkin, being larger, can be shared with neighbours. (Bernardin de Saint-Pierre, *Études de la Nature*).

While admitting that hippophagy may become general and that the most delicate stomachs will be able to adjust themselves to it, shall we be able to find chargers enough to furnish our tables? (Adrien Marx).

This formidable documentation was already in train when Flaubert and Bouilhet, on the bench in Rouen, traced out the simple story of two clerks. In *Bouvard and Pécuchet*, Flaubert discovers a whole continent, a Siberia of the human spirit, the ghastly miles stretching endlessly on every side. The difficulty was to make the presentation attractive without

* This article forms part of an introduction to a new translation of *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, to be published by Cape in March.

flattering the material, and to tell the truth without being dull.

Now, it is easy at this point to regard the book as a satire on self-education, an epic of the commonplace, with a bourgeois Mister Everyman in place of the hero of a Morality Play and a Correspondence College in the background. (Flaubert's vision is prophetic.) It is a satire, too, on the futility of wrong methods. But is that all? Maupassant's description: "A review of all the sciences as they appear to two lucid enough minds of a mediocre, simple order," is so far accurate. But as the book advances the characters of Bouvard and Pécuchet change; they themselves become less ridiculous, however helpless in small things, the vast panoply of knowledge seems more and more fantastic; and when at the end of their adventures, like tired Jobs, they sit down to copy again, what they are going to copy is the florilegium of nonsense which they have compiled in the course of their search, i.e. the *Sottisier* elaborately collected by Flaubert himself. They have grown aware (we are told) of stupidity and no longer tolerate it; indeed, they are imbued, though to a limited degree, with the critical spirit of their author, and over them, as over him, there hangs "the weight of all the world."

This exaltation, the almost saintly propensity of their lives, does not prevent Bouvard and Pécuchet, in their search for knowledge, from remaining comic and ordinary; while about them the landscape is solid, the moonlight lies quiet on the cornfields round their extraordinary garden and the house with its museum, St. Peter and the cardboard corpse. *Pas de monstres et pas de héros!*—the comic pair are neither. They are Everyman figures because of their very smallness, as the figures before them—Quixote, Pantagruel, Faust—are universal through being great. Flaubert achieves a marvellous creation with these small figures and a still landscape, and the comedy of human knowledge.

What gives *Bouvard and Pécuchet* its place in literature is not merely the impact of Flaubert's criticism (which the *Dictionnaire* and *Sottisier* provide in themselves), but the fact that by means of it he achieves a new kind of comic: universal, grotesque, terrible and true. Like everything which is new in art it is disconcerting and hard to define. We can point to passages in the novel where it is evident: the bedroom tableau at the end of the first chapter, the picturesque garden, Bouvard's frenzy for manure, the argument of Pécuchet and the priest under the umbrella. Flaubert has brought into comedy, almost into farce, the world of ideas. Even the simplest effect has been attained by a difficult convergence. The thought is everywhere modern, fifty years ahead of its time, yet the humour seems to reach back to the sixteenth century; often the most realistic incidents appear fantastic, the most brutal satire shades into poetry; the style is abrupt, factual; high argument and knockabout play a toccata on every page (the tunes are incredible); and the two heroes of these adventures we are made both to despise and love. Is it a comic Faust? a bowler-hatted Quixote? An anatomy of stupidity? of the bourgeois? a roaring encyclopaedia? None of these descriptions quite fits. Perhaps a *Paradise Lost* of the parish-pump, written by an archangel among the damned; who was himself, too, something of a bear.

G. W. STONIER

ONE-MAN SHOW OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS

"Modern Times," AT THE TIVOLI
"Rendezvous," AT THE EMPIRE

The new Charlie Chaplin film, *Modern Times*, is misnamed. Primary humour the world over consists in suddenly supposing things to be what they aren't, calling a spade a tuning-fork and playing up to the mistake. We learn so laboriously to recognise objects and emotions that we laugh to see them travestied, looking different. Chaplin was always a master of pathos. But the pathos seems to have overtaken him at last. The title of his new satirical farce is pathetic. . . . It was slow in the making, late to appear, and now, dear me, it's ten years behind the times.

It is the new "Charlie Chaplin", though, with a vengeance. Charles Chaplin wrote, directed, and produced it, the Charles Chaplin Film Corporation issues it, and it stars Charlie Chaplin. Only the jokes are René Clair's (the best ones, that is) and the music ("composed by Charles Chaplin") contains echoes, generous excerpts, from tunes that have gone before. In *City Lights* it was *La Violetera*; here it's *Titine*. This shows that Chaplin has a fitting sense of period—and a natural fondness for old favourites, which, to judge by the reception accorded to this film, we all evidently share.

Although most individual scenes in *Modern Times* have the giddy speed of the custard-pie comedy, it is a slow film, because it is silent—except for the already famous gibberish song sequence (which is funny, but, when we have waited so long for Chaplin to speak—and to speak incoherently—not funny enough). Chaplin persists in forcing silence on all the other members of the cast as well. Silence means sub-titles, and sub-titles are slow: they hang up the action and alter the jokes; it takes a little more than twice as long to see a man gesticulate, and then to read the gist of what he said while he gesticulated, than it does to see and hear, and at the same time find out, what we need to know. When an accident occurs in this film, a caption is tacked on to a comprehensive and comprehensible shot to tell us, in answer to Chaplin's question to a bystander, that a nightwatchman has broken his leg. We needed to know who was hurt; then why not *say* so, and save time? Chaplin may be above speech; but the talkies aren't. To ignore the sound-track, to use it only for a vaguely musical accompaniment no better than a piano, drum, violin and trombone in the orchestra-pit, is to strike the cinema dumb, or at least to muffle it.

The result of this gagging is that the comic "gags" come out: pantomime is all that's left—and wit of idea, if you can find it. Here the wit is largely borrowed from *Le Million* and *A Nous la Liberté*, and there is a fine flash of fantasy which should have belonged to the Marx Brothers. The rest of the jokes are antics, often exquisite, because Chaplin has few equals as a mime, and sometimes genuinely comic, because he has none as a mummer. His movements have a graceful precision in clumsiness; and this most certainly produces comedy of a sort. To dive into a pool of water a foot deep isn't funny, though Charlie's diving makes it so; to lean against something that gives way is merely unexpected—it is humorous only when the foolishness of your fall is disproportionate to the pride (the dignity, the confidence, or the bombast) which went before it. Chaplin contrives this reversal jest again and again; and it makes us laugh. But occasionally his ballet movements have a subtler psychological significance, and achieve wit as well. It is witty to express panic by having to *hobble* away, on roller-skates, from the suddenly discovered danger of electric cables which one has gracefully glided past, blindfolded, two seconds previously. But such subtlety in pantomime is necessarily rare, even with Chaplin. *Modern Times* gets us no further on Chaplin's obstinate and sentimental journey back into silence than we were with *City Lights*; indeed, not so far. It's much less funny.

William Powell's performance in *Rendezvous* is a one-man show of a different kind. If he—and only he—cannot prevent the Germans learning the secret movements of American troopships during the War, "the morale of the allied armies will reach breaking-point." The fate of nations rests with him. He acts swiftly, and he acts well. This makes *Rendezvous* an enjoyable film; but I'm afraid neither he nor the film could hope to compete with the cunning of the *2nd Bureau*.

JOHN MARKS

BLACK AND WHITE

THE exhibition at the Leicester Galleries of a series of drawings by Matisse, dated 1935, is an event. That they are exquisite goes without saying. I am convinced that they are more; but that they raise a question I admit.

It was my first impression that this series of nudes was a series of enchanting arabesques. The handwriting was as seductive and quick as one expects the handwriting of Matisse to be; the disposition of blacks and whites was magically right; and from the complex of enticing lines emanated that troubling sense of life which emanates from even the most

superficial of Matisse's creations. But were these appetising things more than decorative? Were they expressive? Was the drawing more than calligraphic? Was it plastic? Had the artist his eye on the object or only on the tip of his pen?

Manifestly the artist claims to have worked with his eye on the object. Manifestly, I say, because he has portrayed his own hand on the drawing-board, with the model and the mirror before him. Is the claim made good? I have no doubt now that it is. These beautifully decorative pieces are expressive; these exquisitely sensitive and rapid lines contain volume; these abstractions are fraught with a sense of living mass, weight and stress. Matisse has both seen and felt what he has rendered. Consider Nos. 77, 74 and 69. These languid, though live, forms, for all their air of flowers dangling from broken stems, reveal themselves gradually as deeply significant. That doubled-up and elongated petal expresses perfectly the essence of a crumpled arm, the taut muscles of which bear the weight of a body; while that other arm, though it hangs like the cracked tendril of a vine, implies in two lines all the substance of a human limb. Observe how in No. 69 the ripples on the smooth surface of a sheet of paper render the subtle modelling and firm contours of solid flesh. How superficial now appears the notion that these combinations of lines and spaces were to be classed with Oriental patterns. They come nearer to the drawing of Botticelli, or of Ingres for that matter.

Besides this series of 1935 drawings, there are a certain number of earlier works, drawings and lithographs, most of which will be familiar to amateurs of contemporary art. Also there are half a dozen illustrations for Joyce's *Ulysses*. These are particularly interesting because here we can watch the artist at work, elaborating and emending his idea, through three or four consecutive stages. Baudelaire, though he knew precious little English, translated Poe, with the result that the French still believe that Poe was a poet. It is to be expected that for many years to come they will take Joyce for a genius.

By rendering concrete values in form that is almost abstract Matisse shows himself, for all the apparent flatness of his design, a plastic artist. Augustus John, by whom a collection of etchings is showing at the Adams Gallery (2 Pall Mall Place), is essentially descriptive. His work tends ever towards illustration. Describing, describing brilliantly, is his affair. These etchings—all, I think, of his best period, from about 1906 to 1910, and profoundly influenced by Rembrandt—are less purely descriptive than his later pictures because he digs deeper into what he sees. In *The Caravan*, for instance, he has extracted from a vision the elements of a composition, instead of just recording the facts with a magnificent sweep of the arm. I am no judge of the technique of etching but I feel pretty sure that, as etchings, these are admirable. They are more. Well etched etchings we know all too well; we find them hanging in the waiting-rooms of cultivated surgeons and dentists. These, at least, are well etched etchings by somebody. They are personal, and the person behind them is Augustus John.

The Dobsons at the Storran Gallery (106 Brompton Road) are, I think, all working drawings. They are of two kinds, projects for compositions and studies of single figures. Some of the former—2 and 4, for instance—may possibly remind you of Braque. The resemblance, if it exists, is probably fortuitous; and anyhow one convention is as useful as another to a sculptor who is simply noting an idea for a composition. It is in the studies for figures (e.g. 3, 6, 11) that the artist is seen at his best. This is the kind of sculptor's drawing which, by reason of its preoccupation with volume and absence of niggle, will always delight people who feel deeply the significance of form. The other day I heard Dobson described by a well-known royal academician as "academic." I take no exception to the epithet provided it be rightly understood. He is not royal academic of course; there is nothing commercial about his art. Neither is it academic in that honourable but boring way in which the drawings of Neville Lewis, also to be seen at the Storran Gallery, incline to be. Lewis has done better than this and will do better again no doubt. He seems to have discovered a formula, based on the best conventions, which he applies, not without thought to be sure, but without much feeling. The consequence is that when you have looked at a couple of his drawings you know as much about his art as when you have looked at them all.

If you care to contrast a drawing or, better, a piece of sculpture by Dobson with a piece by Epstein—there is nothing by Epstein here—you will understand in a moment the sense in which Dobson is academic. He can say all he has to say within the limits of the classical tradition. All his songs are written for a normal compass, he need not stretch his voice. It is by subtle relations and gradations, by a consistent rightness and tautness, and not by sweeping gestures and surprising effects, that he makes his points. He works inwards, perfecting harmonies and balancing masses to a scruple. The difference between Dobson and Epstein is, in kind, the difference between Houdon and Bernini, between Racine and Victor Hugo, between seeing the world in a grain of sand and finding the planet too small for one's passion. I see no reason for setting one method against the other; in fact I consider the attempt to do so extremely silly. Only, it so happens that the two best sculptors alive, Maillol and Dobson (who is in some sort Maillol's pupil) are both academic by temperament. And here you can see a dozen fine drawings by the younger; and, what is more, you can buy one of them for a dozen guineas.

CLIVE BELL

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Follow the Sun," at the Adelphi

In retrospect Mr. Cochran's new show seems rather uninteresting, but while one is actually in the theatre it appears lively enough, owing to the speed with which one scene succeeds another. It is like a dinner with an extravagant number of courses, each of which is taken away before you have time to be very critical of quality. The best dish in this case is the ballet *The First Show*, which has a sardonic story by Osbert Sitwell, clever parodic music by William Walton, witty choreography by Frederick Ashton, and a most entertaining decor by Cecil Beaton, who here combines the styles of Derain, Max Ernst and an Edwardian musical-comedy. The next best thing is the Cuban scene, with several remarkably good dancers and a first-rate Cuban orchestra. And then there is Miss Irene Eisinger, whose performance in the Glyndebourne *Cosi Fan Tutte* showed her to be an unusually good comic actress. Mr. Cochran showed his famous *flair* in engaging her, but unluckily in this show she is most inappropriately cast, first as the Madonna, and then as a vague Woman in White who sings *Love is a Dancing Thing*—and sings it so exquisitely that we almost believe that it is a good tune. Later she has a Mozart *aria*, but her remarkable gifts as an actress are never allowed to percolate. What else? Lots more good dancers, notably Paul Meeres; Eva Reyes, who is as pretty a girl as any that even Mr. Cochran has ever discovered; super-sumptuous costumes by Professor Stern, and some notably good frocks by Charles James. This is hardly a show we can recommend to palates jaded by life in London, Paris or New York. But six months hence bronzed men will be saying to one another as they gather round the camp fires at Canberra or open their bully beef in the wilds of Winnipeg: "You saw the new Cochran show? There's still nowhere like the Strand!"

"Apparitions" at Sadler's Wells

The new ballet at Sadler's Wells is a most ambitious affair. The theme is a series of hallucinations experienced by a poet of the romantic period after taking laudanum. We are shown first the poet in a Gothic Revival library, then in turn his frantic pursuit of an ideal beauty in a crowded ballroom, his persecution on a snowy plain by mocking bells, embodied in white-haired ballerinas, his discovery of the beauty's corpse carried in procession upon a bier, and his last meeting with her in an orgy of scarlet-robed monks and nuns who force upon him the caresses of her lips, already green with putrefaction. All the apparatus of the Gothic romanticism with which Monk Lewis, Hoffmann and Victor Hugo thrilled our ancestors is used, with the faintest touch of irony,

in this elaborate period piece. Such an enterprise ran an obvious risk of being ridiculous, but it is a surprising and enormous success. The music is this ballet's *raison d'être* and the principal cause of its success. Mr. Constant Lambert has selected a number of piano-pieces by Liszt, which have been brilliantly orchestrated by Mr. Gordon Jacob. They carry the dancing magnificently. In the ballet the poetic ideas which inspired Liszt are here made visual. The decor, indeed, is much the best thing Mr. Cecil Beaton has yet achieved: he is, evidently, an eclectic artist, very much aware of what's afoot, and here we are sometimes reminded of Bérard and Tchiliecheff. In any case the result is theatrically most effective. The English vice of over-ornamentation is avoided, and a French elegance delightfully prevails. The all-white snow-scene fails in its effect, perhaps because the lighting is wrong, but the ballroom and the scarlet orgy are admirably striking. Mr. Beaton deserves great applause for tact and imagination. The choreography is by Frederick Ashton: that is to say it is continually interesting, always in close contact with the music, and full of inventive details which are never allowed to interfere with the general design. The choreography is, of course, the breath by which a ballet exists, and Mr. Ashton has here excelled himself. Miss Margot Fonteyn dances better every time we see her, and we now believe her to be more promising even than any of M. de Basil's chosen team. Mr. Robert Helpmann gives a good performance as the poet, and the *corps de ballet* danced well. Altogether Liszt has inspired a most felicitous collaboration, and the thoughtful enthusiasm which everyone concerned must have brought to the construction of this ballet has resulted in a dazzling and highly poetic work of art.

John Aldridge at the Leicester Galleries, Clive Gardiner at the French Gallery and Eric Ravillious at the Zwemmer Gallery

Here are exhibitions by three English painters, of the younger generation, whose work may be recommended to the attention of those who like to keep an eye upon the future. Mr. John Aldridge is already highly accomplished, and, after following in the wake of Christopher Wood, Chiricio and the Douanier Rousseau, is now exploring his own sensibility. His use of oil-paint is very skilful—the texture of his work is packed with interest—and he invests his landscape with a curious eeriness, due partly to the colour and partly to the insistence upon particular shapes. Sometimes this makes for discomfort in the design, but it is a personal vision, so effectively expressed, which makes him an interesting figure among contemporary English painters. Mr. Clive Gardiner has not yet attained such accomplishment; many of his pictures have the usual faults of works inspired by Cézanne: muddy paint, where Cézanne is rich, heavy-handed design where Cézanne is superbly strong. But often, especially in the nudes, Mr. Gardiner plays on his own fiddle most successfully. *Sleeping Women* and a number of the small-figure pictures are truly poetic. The ferule of the Aix master has now done its valuable disciplinary work, and Mr. Gardiner can give way to the romanticism which seems instinctive in him. Decidedly a painter to watch. Mr. Eric Ravillious, in his exhibition at the Zwemmer Gallery, shows the obvious influence of Paul Nash, but he also sees with his own eyes, which dwell specially on unexpected sights like a bus standing on barrels instead of wheels, or a bull knee-deep in water among factory or tenement buildings. The works are water-colour drawings rather than true water-colours, and the rather washed-out colours used make them appear less interesting in bulk than they would individually. They are certainly the work of an artist who has skill and sensibility.

"Figaro" at Sadler's Wells

The new production of Mozart's *The Marriage of Figaro* in Professor Dent's translation is by Clive Carey who produced the first performance for the "Old Vic." in 1920; but it has been given a fresh setting by Rex Whistler which is a great improvement on the old one. A newcomer to the familiar Sadler's Wells Company was Audrey Mildmay from Glyndebourne who took the part of Susanna. Although it was an efficient cast none—with the possible exception of Miss Mildmay—actually was able to give as satisfying a performance as Miss Joan Cross in the role of the Countess. Even Miss Cross was not all that one could desire, being—especially in the earlier scenes—somewhat stiff and wooden. The chief fault in a production otherwise possessing many merits must, however, be put down to Mr. Warwick Braithwaite, who as a conductor seemed on this occasion to be under the influence of the old nineteenth century idea of "accompanying." There was never any tension in the rhythms and often it was hardly possible to hear Mozart's beautiful instrumentation.

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THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, February 16th—
- Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton on "The Modern Problem of Leisure," Conway Hall, 11.
- "Almost in Confidence," Aldwych.

MONDAY, February 17th—
- British Industries Fair, Olympia and White City, till 28th.
- Dylan Thomas on "Poetry To-day," Institute of Education, 7.30.
- Sir George Paish on "Economic Readjustments: General Position," Conway Hall, 8.30.
- M. Mounolou on "The Political Situation in France," 29, Tavistock Square, 7.45.
- "Episode," Everyman Cinema.
- "The Shining Hour," Croydon Repertory.

TUESDAY, February 18th—
- Dr. Conrad Hoffmann on "Christian Pacificism in America," Friends House, 1.20.
- Prof. Gilbert Murray on "The Problem of Peace," Mary Ward Settlement, 8.
- Prof. Niels Bohr on "Some Humanistic Aspects of Natural Science," Warburg Institute, 5.30.
- Sir Ernest Simon on "Manchester Gives a Lead," Housing Centre, 8.15.
- J. Langdon Davies on "Is Democracy Rational?" Conway Hall, 7.
- "Three Men on a Horse," Wyndhams.

WEDNESDAY, February 19th—
- Luncheon and Ten-Minute Speeches on "Penal Reform in the New Parliament," Comedy Restaurant, 12.45.
- Dr. Bjarne Braatoy on "Socialism in Scandinavia," Conway Hall, 8.
- "The Silver Swan," Palace.

THURSDAY, February 20th—
- Prof. G. E. G. Catlin on "The End of the Liberal Party. What Now?" Livingstone Hall, 8.
- J. Isaacs on "London's Literature," Working Men's College, 8.
- "Petticoat Fever," Daly's.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MRS. EDDY, who must be considered an expert authority, once had occasion to complain that her carriage-horses "had fallen into strange beliefs." It is deeply to be regretted that owing to their mistress's disapproval of medicine, these odd equine faiths could not be utilised by the methods of Pasteur. If only a serum, comparable to diphtheria anti-toxin (also made from horses) that would immunise the human race against credulity, could have been prepared from these horses after they recovered their scepticism, how invaluable it would have been! Such a safeguard is badly needed now, for the days of relative scepticism are passing and Faith once more is in demand. No doubt many of the 20,833 readers who purchase this paper every week do so in the hopes of falling into strange beliefs themselves, and I can recommend three books which should be able to satisfy the most irrational desires.

* * *

First in order of grandeur comes *Francis the First, unacknowledged King of Great Britain and Ireland known to the world as Sir Francis Bacon*, by Arthur Bradford Cornwall (Cornish Bros., 21*s*.). Elizabeth was the mother of a number of children. The earlier, illegitimate, ones were put out of the way, but the offspring of her legitimate secret marriage to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, were given to foster parents and grew up as Francis Bacon, Prince of Wales, and the Earl of Essex, really Duke of York. It may occur to the captious that if this was so it would not give Francis a title to be King of Great Britain. James would still be the rightful King of Scots. But this is a detail. Young Bacon learnt the secret of his birth from Elizabeth in a moment when she gave way to ungovernable fury and he recorded the truth in cipher.

> But cipher, as Bacon conceives his plan, requires writings—and voluminous writings to enfold it.

Thus he began, with terrific industry, on a long translation.

> It is a most interesting surprise to learn that the work (North's Plutarch) is a youthful production of Francis Bacon.

Plutarch's Lives contains some 950,000 words, but young Bacon had not given all his time to translation, since in the same year, 1579, he brought out *The Shepheardes Calendar*, the title of which, in anagram, not only calls upon the gentlemen of England to help the P. o. W., but states explicitly:

> Writings as yet unseene, as o'Geo: Peele, Rob: Greene and Edmund Spenser are all to be put forth by me.

Life also claimed its due from the young P. o. W., since he had already fallen passionately in love with Margaret of Navarre, who is Juliet and the dark lady of the Sonnets. Elizabeth forbade their union and seldom has thwarted love produced greater literary activity. *The Faerie Queene*, the works of Robert Greene, Christopher Marlowe and all of Shakespeare streamed from the pen of the young lawyer—as of course did those of Bacon. This has long been known, but more interesting is to find that

> The true reason for the incomparable English found in the King James version of the Holy Bible is that all passed under the critical supervision of one man, Francis Bacon.

The title-page of the Authorised Version is an anagram in which he claims the throne and exclaims: *Arm, British men, and aide me!* King James little knew what he was authorising. As for Don Quixote:

> There are many reasons for the belief that it (the so-called translation by Thomas Shelton) is printed from an original manuscript in English, held back that the first printings might appear in Spanish and allay suspicions of cipher enclosures.

It will be remembered that Dulcinea had the best hand for powdring porkes and that we are dealing with *The Historie of Don Quixote of the Mancha written by Cyde Hamete Benengeli.*

> The decipherer does not casually pass by the mention of Porkes when his subject is Bacon, nor can he afford to spurn the Hamete as part of the author's name. Taken in connection with the honoured title of Cyde (cid) the Ben indicative of descent, and the thinly disguised engeli or English, little doubt remains that the author Cyde Hamete Benengeli is an Englishman, a nobleman, bearing a name suggestive of ham.

The Salomon of the Rosy Cross, author of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, and rightful King of England was the instrument, under God, of the death of the player Shakespeare, as he was forced to kill the inebriated ruffian in self-defence. How all this came to the ears of James and Buckingham and led to the downfall of Bacon, is told in the first folio.

> The separate plays were scattered, some of them liable to be lost; the time had come to preserve them because of the precious cipher contents. . . . It is hard to find a compelling reason for such an elaborate republication on behalf of a dead Shakespeare.

* * *

Bacon did not die in 1626 from catching a chill while experimenting with refrigerating meat, but fled into exile. The 1640 edition of *The Advancement of Learning* contains a reference to "*his little known political activities in the Commonwealth movement under Oliver Cromwell*" and thus we pass to Milton.

> The poems are by Bacon but to conform to Rosicrucian requirements appear under another name.

But man is mortal and on the title-page of *Paradise Lost*, 1667, John Milton announces the death of its great author who, aged 106, was interred at Utrecht. Mr. Cornwall visited Utrecht and though handicapped by his ignorance of the Dutch language "was left to scan the old death registers for more than an hour" before he pitched on the entry: "*Willem Francklin een oud engelsman.*" Fortunately the Tudor Ledger stone, at which the finger of Shakespeare's monument points, in Westminster Abbey, provides full confirmation of the identity of Francis Bacon and William Franklin. I hope Mr. Cornwall's book is not all gammon, for in that case it will be impossible to respect him for being the first Baconian to go the whole hog.

* * *

The Trail of the Serpent, by Inquire Within, for some years a ruling chief of the Mother Temple of the Stella Matutina (Boswell, 7*s*. 6*d*.), tells us a lot more about the Brethren of the Rosy Cross though it conceals the centenarian English Salomon's connection with it. Cabalists, Weishaupt's Illuminati, Carbonari, Continental Freemasons, Theosophists, Anthroposophists, The Fraternity of Inner Light, Silver Shirts, Aleister Crowley, Dr. Julia Seton, Nicholas Roerich.

> everything seems to point to the cabalistic and revolutionary Jew as the Master-mind working behind them, using them as pawns in his great gamble and world-wide conspiracy, which would disintegrate and destroy not only the Christian Faith, but the entire traditions of Western Civilisation.

If evidence for this were needed (which it is not) we might find it in the propaganda contained in *We Need Mosaic Law Now* by David Hamshere (Werner Laurie, 7*s*. 6*d*.). Note *the name suggestive of Ham*, bear in mind Bacon's legal preoccupations as Lord Chancellor, remember the Master-mind who would destroy the traditions of Western Civilisation, and ponder the message carefully:

> Enormous quantities of time are occupied by both Houses of parliament and by Church assemblies and legislative bodies all over the country, debating and discussing and amending and fiddling and faddling with laws that are fundamentally untrue. . . .

All the laws we need are God's Laws, and free from such bills as *Cheltenham and Gloucester Joint Water Board, Cleethorpes Trolley Vehicles* and dozens of others which are leading to such shameful waste of time this very week, Parliament could draft something in the style of Jehovah.

> An ultimatum to the Hindus to leave their false gods within a year; and then a descent upon those who refused with death penalties would clear up the terrible muddle which now exists in India. . . . This would also lead to an enormous economy in hospital and education services. . . .

The Master-mind, The Mosaic Law, No more Bacon! Eggs and Shakespeare for breakfast. DAVID GARNETT

P.S.—Alternative anagrams for *We Need Mosaic Law Now by David Hamshere* are: *Dead Bacon shows ye we hammer Divine Law* and *Why aver we wish Bacon made melodies.*

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PHYSICS

The Revolution in Physics. By ERNST ZIMMER. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Next Hundred Years. By C. C. FURNAS. *Cassell.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Philosophy of Physics. By MAX PLANCK. *Allen and Unwin.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Perhaps the most interesting problem in present-day physics is the problem of the constitution of matter. From being the most familiar thing in our experience, matter has become very nearly the most mysterious. The old conception of the atom as a little hard sphere was perfectly straightforward. But with the experimental disintegration of the atom into a collection of little electric particles the notion of matter began to become elusive. The laws governing the behaviour of these particles, as worked out in the Bohr model of the atom, were not only odd, they were unreasonable. There was no acceptable theoretical basis from which they could be consistently developed. The arbitrary character of the Bohr atom was always apparent, but scientific men agreed to put up with it, as it were, in consideration of its dazzling early triumphs. As experimental results multiplied, however, the Bohr atom became more and more inadequate, and by 1925 it had run its course. It became evident that the further analysis of matter could not be prosecuted on these lines. An entirely new set of ideas was required. These ideas, and their development and implications, form the most fascinating and significant chapter of modern physics, and it is with this that Mr. Zimmer's book is chiefly concerned.

He has performed his difficult task in a very satisfactory manner. It might be objected by an English reader that the treatment is not popular enough. But there are ideas which cannot exist below a certain level of complexity, and the ideas of wave mechanics are such. We cannot represent everything in terms of ordinarily familiar images. But the degree of simplification that Mr. Zimmer has achieved strikes one as being just about the maximum obtainable. The ideas he expounds, and their philosophical implications, have a much more than specialist importance, and for that reason they should be made accessible to a non-specialist audience. Mr. Zimmer's book does as much as can be done along these lines. The standard of scientific sophistication it assumes on the part of the reader is rather higher than we are accustomed to expect from English popular books on science, but it is not unfairly high. In his introductory chapters, describing the "classical" outlook of physics and the need for the transition to the new ideas, Mr. Zimmer does, indeed, supply the reader with the equipment necessary to read the rest of his book.

Professor Furnas's book is a very different affair. If we may regard Mr. Zimmer's as a typical German popular scientific book we may perhaps regard Professor Furnas's as a typical American popular scientific book. Professor Furnas deals with facts rather than with ideas, and as he takes his facts from all sorts of sciences, pure and applied, he gives the impression of covering an immensely wider field. He has chapters on health, food, power, transportation, communication, and a great number of other very practical subjects. On all these subjects we are told what seems to be the latest thing achieved, and occasionally Professor Furnas lives up to his title by enabling us to glimpse, on the basis of these achievements, a possible future. The section on physics is the least exhilarating. Professor Furnas considers that its ideas are too abstract for general comprehension, and he thinks that its practical possibilities are doubtful. There is no question as to the overwhelming importance of these practical possibilities—the release of atomic energy, for example—but it seems very unlikely that they will ever be realised. There is more hope of heavy water, formed from the newly discovered isotopes of hydrogen, being useful. It has been shown that it affects some forms of plant and animal life, and it may be that its biological influences will turn out to be very important. Also, the new compounds made possible may lead to the manufacture of new substances. Although Professor Furnas believes that scientific invention will continue and that science will be more and more applied to practical life, he does not believe in "progress." His book, which is extremely readable, has a pleasantly disillusioned air when he comes to discuss the human importance of the discoveries he is describing. For most people, he thinks, life will still be describable in the "To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow" speech of Macbeth.

The Philosophy of Physics gives Planck's ideas on various philosophical implications of science—more particularly of physics. Of these essays the longest and most interesting is on "Causality in Nature." This question of causality, which the recent development of quantum theory has brought so much to the fore, is the most controversial question in present-day physics. Are natural processes strictly determined? The assumption of a strict determinism has dominated science ever since the days of Newton. Indeed, the assumption has become so embedded in the scientific mind that there are many who still consider it a necessity of thought. But in modern physics no use is made of this assumption, and the modern school claims that no use ever can be made of it. They claim that it is impossible, in the nature of things, to obtain that exact knowledge of nature that would make accurate prediction possible. The rigorous scientific statement of this position is given in Heisenberg's Principle of Indeterminacy, which states that it is impossible to determine exactly both position and velocity. The validity of this principle, as a working rule, is admitted on all hands. But as regards what may be called the philosophical implications of this principle there is a great difference of opinion. It is interesting that, amongst the die-hard supporters of determinism, we must reckon Einstein and Planck. Probably the majority of the creators of the new physics, however, have abandoned the principle of causality. They ask, What is the use of assuming a principle that cannot be verified? Planck, in this volume, has an interesting answer to this question. He says that such a question rests on a narrow formalism. Science is not built up by pure logic. The inspiration of such men as Galileo, Kepler, Newton, was not logic, but faith. And he thinks that the time is not yet ripe for determinism, as a faith, to be rejected. Even if we cannot confirm it by our measurements, we can still maintain it, he believes, if we postulate an ideal mind. Our trouble, as quantum theory proves, is that we cannot observe natural processes without interfering with them—in an unpredictable way. But the ideal mind, which takes all factors into account, does so without disturbing them, and for this mind rigid determinism prevails throughout the universe.

It is a queer argument. It seems to furnish one more example of a fact that is daily becoming more apparent, that in the development of modern science philosophical, and perhaps even theological, predilections play an active part.

J. W. N. SULLIVAN

VICTORIA IN SILK

Victoria of England. By EDITH SITWELL. *Faber and Faber.* 15*s.*

Embroideresses are familiar with a type of needlework in which the background is covered with close and sometimes elaborate stitching, revealing a design which stands out in clear simplicity on the foundation material. Such a method is used by Miss Sitwell in *Victoria of England*. The book contains a portrait, rather than a narrative, although it moves from the beginning to the end of that long life—a life set against a background of events which were perhaps more crowded and unprecedented than those of any other eighty-three years in the world's history. Through the tangled skein of nineteenth-century life (a skein which Miss Sitwell makes no pretence of disentangling) we are shown the evolution of the Queen's character, from the girl with her "gentle yet obstinate nature" containing its "strong vein of impatience" to that "wise old age," when Queen Victoria "had attained to that complete control over her will which, with her strange foresight, constituted her greatness."

Throughout the first half of her life the Queen was extremely partisan. She had very strong likes and dislikes, and she visualised every question through the eyes of the persons to whom she gave her confidence. Miss Sitwell's humorous and incisive pen brings upon the scene, one after the other, these advisers of the Queen in her youth and middle age. We see how she listened to them, learnt from them, was influenced by them, caught their prejudices, absorbed into her own mind whatever they could teach her of statecraft or of the knowledge of men, saw, as time passed, where they had gone astray or had led her astray; and then, at long last, she gathered this immense experience (the harvest of those many minds which had given her of their best) and, breathing into it her own gifts of intuition and common sense, she attained to the supreme position which she possessed at her death.

Miss Sitwell's writing is essentially pictorial, and, with an often malicious delight, she displays before our eyes the procession of figures which successively composed the Queen's entourage. There goes Lehzen, "floating up side staircases . . . her bird-

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thin mouth drawn in because of her habit of eating caraway-seeds, her glossy black head cocked on one side so that her sharp ears might catch any whisper, any rumour of indiscreet conduct." Here is Lord Melbourne, "That odd, personally charming, whimsical, benighted and heartless, yet sentimental man" (whose "personal charms" do not succeed in charming Miss Sitwell), "sitting for an equestrian portrait, and looking *so* funny as he bestraddled a plaster horse without a head, wielding an umbrella instead of a sword." Then comes Sir Robert Peel, with "the manners of a dancing master" and, as O'Connell said, a smile like the silver fittings of a coffin. Lord Beaconsfield, "with his strange age-old wisdom, his delicate hands with their velvet touch, their grip of steel"; Lord Palmerston, "his loud mockingly jay-like laugh, his clothes as brilliantly coloured as a jay's feathers, his jaunty manner and his dyed whiskers"; Mendelssohn, "like some strange thin Oriental bird with dark and glistening plumage, listening to the music with his head held slightly on one side, and a faint smile on his dark face"; and Lord Tennyson, "whose appearance combined in almost equal proportions the grandeur of Homer and the rectitude of Mr. Arnold of Rugby, the ruggedness of the Alps and the calm of an English Sabbath (cowbells intermingling, as one might say, with Church-bells)." And from out of this aviary of exotic birds, the figure of the Queen emerges, unique. "There was a kind of stately innocence about her," as Lord Tennyson said.

But Miss Sitwell's background is not entirely composed of these distinguished individuals. The most deeply-felt passages in the book are the pages describing the Tolpuddle Martyrs' Transportation, the horrors of the industrial conditions of the time, and those mid-Victorian slums which were far more dreadful even than our own. Then, too, the Queen envisaged revolutions, wars, and threats of war, time after time, in Europe: she saw India with eyes more profoundly understanding than any statesman of her own, or of a subsequent, generation: amid the huge complications of European politics "she held the balance in strong hands." The typical Victorian woman may have deemed it "ladylike" to shut her eyes to the seamy side of life; but the Queen's ministers learnt early that if there reached her the rumour of a fact, however unpleasant, she was ready to look it in the face, and some of her letters to them must have taught them sharply her opinion of the man who tried to throw dust in her eyes.

A small slip on page 308 might be corrected. We are told that the marriage of Princess Louise "was the first marriage of any member of the Royal Family with a subject since the marriage of a daughter of Henry VII with the Duke of Suffolk." Surely Henry VIII may be said to have made habit of the practice; and James II was Heir Presumptive when he married Anne Hyde. It was George I who degraded such marriages to the "morganatic" rank. But this is a very small point to notice in a book at once so illuminating and so enjoyable, so amusing and so sympathetic.

EDITH OLIVIER

ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS

The Anvil of War. LETTERS BETWEEN F. S. OLIVER AND HIS BROTHER, 1914–18. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It is evident from Mr. Stephen Gwynn's most attractive preface to this book that the late Mr. Oliver had something like a magic influence over his friends. His sincerity, his urgency, his zest for ideas, are as clear in these pages as the great literary ability which has made two of his books something like minor classics. I think there is little doubt but that a historian, seeking to explain the mental climate of these feverish years, will go often to these letters as an illuminating quarry of material. What exactly he will make of the intellectual type Mr. Oliver was will, I imagine, depend very largely on the kind of society England is when his history is written.

The Oliver of these pages is essentially an incipient Fascist. He loves England and the Empire with all his being. He wants it to be strong. He is anxious, at any sacrifice, to organise it for strength. For this reason, he is, to himself, outside and above the party battle; though all his connections are with the Tory party. He bitterly dislikes all Liberal politicians. For Labour leaders he has a feeling of kindly contempt. He admires Carson, the professional soldier, the Lloyd George who was a bitter-ender. The power to command arouses his enthusiasm, though he rarely ever stays to ask what commands are to be given. He has no use for democracy, or Trade Unions, for the mind which, like Lord Lansdowne's or Mr. Wilson's, can conceive of peace without victory. Mr. Asquith's arrest of the Irish executions after the Easter Rebellion in 1916 seems to him just futile weakness. The difference between the discipline of the Canadian and the indiscipline of the Australian troops seems to him due simply to the fact that the first had the death penalty while the second had abolished it. He has little use for politicians and not much for the official mind. The men who impress him are those who issue orders and get them obeyed. Power for power's sake seems to him the ultimate ideal. It never seems to occur to him what power is for.

Reading these pages is a fascinating exploration of an able mind blind to everything except its own enthusiasms. He never seems to see what the war was about. He has no sense of the meaning of the Russian Revolution. Of the issues President Wilson confronted there is no trace of understanding. That a state is concerned with the material well-being of its subjects does not, from his remarks on the industrial strains and stresses of the war, ever seem to cross his mind. These are the letters of a man who thought that the people ought to be ruled, that they were there to be ruled, and that no one need ask the question what they were to be ruled for. Party politics made him indignant because it resulted in half measures and compromises; and it gave the lawyer a place in governance for which he thought him wholly unfitted. That our system should prevent the soldier being head of the War Office and the sailor head of the Admiralty seemed to him a sufficient exhibition of its inadequacies.

He feels passionately the need for leadership. But its very essence, for him, is what it has become under Hitler and Mussolini. His ideal is, clearly, the nation in arms, internecine differences abolished, the country disciplined and organised for action. Himself an eminent business man, accustomed to the autocratic exercise of power, he conceives of national organisation in similar terms. His only objective is to win in the struggles upon which he embarks. Victory comes to the man of iron will, who is never weak, never falters, does not brook opposition. His love of his country is obviously profound; his zeal for the Empire is one of the ruling motives of his life. But, honest and sincere as those feelings were, they are an instinct and not a philosophy. He will hold what he has. He cannot suffer the type of mind that enquires

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why he has what he holds. And, having attained strength, the only question that interests him is how still more power can be attained.

The result is a very revealing book. Oliver, unconsciously, drew a portrait here not only of himself but of the type who has built the Imperial idea. They will do good to others if that is possible; they cannot conceive of others doing good to themselves. They admire the proconsols, the soldiers, the sailors, who act first and explain (if they condescend to explain) afterwards. Their gospel is efficiency; their bugbear is freedom. They can no more enter into the mind that differs from them than they can fly; and they become tempted at once to assume that all who differ from them are either stupid or criminal. Oliver cannot forgive intrigue or doubt on the part of his opponents; but he has no difficulty in dismissing intrigue or doubt on the part of his own friends as a minor matter since they share his ends. The basis of his faith is the gospel Machiavelli preached; and, in the end, it has no other test than success of right and wrong.

HAROLD J. LASKI

VEXATION OF SPIRIT

A Peck of Troubles. Collected by DANIEL GEORGE. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This anthology of the English grumble is prefaced by its compiler with a finely philosophical expansion of La Rochefoucauld's assertion that in the adversities of our best friends there is always something not displeasing to ourselves. When French friends unwisely presented the Maxims to Maria Edgeworth she crossed out that unpleasant reflection, and rapidly gave the book to her sister. The epigrams of other people are invariably tiresome.

The Anatomy of Woe is drawn from an impressive number of sources. Some of the victims write querulous diaries, others are exploited by letter-writing friends. Aubrey, Anthony Wood, Pepys, Boswell, Horace Walpole, Creevey and Crabb Robinson provide a great reservoir of irritable anecdote. We regret that the hot weather kept Jane Austen "in a continual state of inelegance," and that the Preface to *The Excursion* caused Blake "a bowel complaint which nearly killed him." We are sorry about Shelley's fear of elephantiasis, and Lewis Carroll's "real *terror*" of small boys, but Edward Lear provides consolation: "I was much distressed by next-door people who had twin babies and played the violin; but one of the twins died, and the other has eaten the fiddle—so all is peace."

The obscure, however, have even more delightful distresses than the illustrious. In 1591 Arthur Dee was "wowned on his hed by his own wanton throwing of a brik-bat upright, and not well avoyding the fall of it again, at Mr. Harberts abowt sonn-setting." Mary Gladstone—"Went to Church by myself. The clergyman preached an odd sermon. Said the Devil laid eggs in us. An unpleasant idea." Sir Henry Englefield had a fancy that there was about his person a natural odour of violets. Lady Grenville, hearing of this, exclaimed one day when Sir Henry was present, "Bless me, what a smell of violets!" "Yes," said he, with great simplicity, "it comes from me." Then there was the lady who fainted because hands were constantly moving over her one night, and awoke to find that the butler had walked in his sleep and had laid the table for fourteen upon her bed.

There are many hundreds of chagrins and mortifications in this peck, and the book should join *The Worst of Love*, *The Stuffed Owl* and *Americana* on the shelves of all persons of quality. Mr. Daniel George will certainly suffer the pain of being Unduly Quoted By Reviewers, and many Householders will have to endure the Horror of being Read To. My withers cannot be wrung. "On peut toujours supporter les maux d'autrui."

FREDERICK LAWS

A DREAM OF EMPIRE

Magna Britannia. By J. COATMAN. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Coatman writes as one possessed. He is possessed by a mystical worship of the British Empire. As the good Nazi shoots forth his right arm and gives vent to confused patriotic noises at the sight of the Swastika, so a glimpse of the Union Jack deprives Mr. Coatman of his normal faculties and starts him off making statements which if one had him alone in a quiet corner he would surely not attempt to defend.

How can a man who has heard of Clive and knows modern Bengal write of India as "the adopted child, so to speak, of the British family" (p. 65), or venture on the enormity that:

> In the League of British Nations we find realised the dearest hopes of the Geneva League, for in it there is nowhere to be found any trace of compulsion or any machinery of coercion. There is nothing that is not freely and spontaneously accepted by all its peoples (p. 27).

At a meeting of the Primrose League one would hail with amusement such quotations and enjoy the prospect of sending them for inclusion in "This England." But Mr. Coatman is an acknowledged authority, writing a serious book. Yet he says:

> Thus we see that from end to end of the British Empire there is no essential difference anywhere between any of its parts, and therefore in a real sense the whole Empire is one Commonwealth (p. 72).
>
> It is the British Commonwealth, not Russia and her Communism . . . which represents a new revolutionary development in the political and moral ideals and organisation of humanity (p. 78).
>
> The whole incident [sc. the Kenya gold-fields ramp] was, in fact, a good example of the working out in practice of the "dual mandate" (p. 332).

One is conscious in such quotations that Mr. Coatman's religion has taken him, for the time, past the sphere of facts or rational discussion. But we must consider his general thesis.

The book's main theme is described as a search for the true foundations of a world-state. And the search is held to triumph with the discovery that the British Empire is an organic whole, the life-blood of which is a spiritual unity. The Empire therefore provides a working model of the world organisation of the future; it is a priceless asset not merely for *all* the peoples in it, but also for the entire residue of humanity outside it. The ultimate completion of the organic growth of this mystic and imperial personality depends very largely on the attitude of India. He considers the Empire's historic growth so far. Beneath the outward form, which has been the progressive devolution of autonomy from the centre to the quondam colonies, a "fundamental and universally valid" philosophic principle of great importance is discernible. The nineteenth century witnessed the clash between two great forces, the old imperial tradition of Britain and the growing nationalism of those new countries which were in process of becoming Dominions. As late as Seely's lectures the only apparent alternatives were independence and

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federation. The actuality of to-day, however, is neither of these, but sovereign nations united in a Commonwealth. Imperialism and nationalism have met, but not in destructive collision; they have fused dialectically in a novel synthesis whose visible expression is Dominion status. This can only be accounted for by assuming a vital and operative general will of the several peoples concerned.

The principle is most clearly seen at work in the case of the Dominions. Will it also make itself effective in the case of India and the colonies, where there is no kinship of blood to help it? Mr. Coatman thinks Yes. It will call for a tremendous constructive effort in which India herself will play the largest part. But India will not fail, for the principle is at work and is irresistible. If we and India manage to pull this off, the problem of how to constitute a world-society is virtually solved for everyone else too. The Empire has this inestimable advantage over the League—that the League is a piece of lifeless machinery which the nations, as external operators, work as best they may, while the Empire is moulded from within by a consubstantial general will of its members to unite.

Such is Mr. Coatman's general theory, and it is developed with a wealth of dogma and illustration not only on the conceptual and constitutional sides, but also those of communications, economic policy (including tariffs, trade, investment, and finance), migration, and even inter-Empire intellectual co-operation.

It is a beautiful theory. In this magical and necessary self-improving character of the Empire as God's chosen vehicle of universally valid moral and political principles, one recognises the popular comedy duo Upanupanup and Onanonanon in a new impersonation. Naturally one extends them a cordial welcome in whatever guise they may appear. Nor could anything be more heartening than to know that the Empire's destiny is to be the guide and inspiration of an admiring world which has no other designs in regard to it than to contemplate its steady realisation of the moral ideals of mankind. Poor Mussolini! And it's a little hard too on Hitler and the Japanese and on quite a number of less ambitious peoples who had hoped that their own quite un-British conceptions of civilisation might not be wholly overlooked.

With the thoughts moving at a level of such rich fantasy, it seems brutal to recall that they are almost wholly irrelevant to the primary facts of the contemporary world situation. Quite a superficial study of contemporary European opinion would convince Mr. Coatman that the British Empire as at present organised is regarded by most educated non-British people as quite incompatible with world peace. But the problem this involves receives no mention in Mr. Coatman's 380 pages; nor does the allied problem of equality of economic opportunity for non-imperial powers. It is a peculiarity of the book, too, that there is nothing in it to suggest that its author has ever listened with an open mind to the views of any educated Indian or African. Has he ever conversed with one on an equal footing? He looks down on the Empire from heights so super-celestial that details such as the colour bar either become imperceptible or seem to merge with a universal moral principle.

Consequently the book should find a wide public. One feels about Mr. Coatman the same kind of affection and the same kind of uneasiness that Professor Huxley tells us that he felt when he went to a ball on a British warship in an East African harbour. As he watched the officers doing their stuff he reflected a little uneasily on what he called the charming immaturity of the British Empire. Mr. Coatman is still at the same stage as these young officers, so devoted to duty, so receptive of class tradition and so uncritical. It is not pleasant to think of the shock that awaits him when he finds out what the world is like ashore.

LEONARD BARNES

NEW NOVELS

Canon to Right of Them. By BRUCE MARSHALL. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Skin and Bones. By THORNE SMITH. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.

Hell's Bells. By MARMADUKE DIXEY. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The Trembling of the Sea. By BARBARA LUCAS. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

The Flesh is Willing. By RICHARD TERRELL. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Commercial Hotel. By RUTH ANDERSON. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Shutters. By MARTIN TREE. *Peter Davies.* 7s. 6d.

Guilty in the Tropics. By EDMUND S. WHITMAN. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

Such an Enmity. By ROLAND PERTWEE. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.

Sixty books out of every hundred published are novels, nine out of those sixty are here, three out of that nine are readable, none out of the three worth seven and sixpence. This type of remark is a reviewer's platitude by now. There are several obvious but impracticable remedies. One author thinks that novels, like poetry, shouldn't be reviewed any more. Then only the best work would struggle occasionally into print. But if novels are not reviewed then the publishers complain (for sixty books out of every hundred, etc.), and if they complain they will not advertise, and consequently there wouldn't be a paper left in which to review the good ones. I would prefer to have a close season, no new novels to be published for three years, their sale forbidden like that of plover's eggs. And nobody under thirty should be allowed to write one—it is amusing to apply this age-canon and see how well it works out, how little would be lost to us. But above all, I should like to see an enormous extension of the censorship—not simply libel and obscenity would be tabu, but whole landscapes, whole strata of our civilisation would become unmentionable. Schools and universities, all homes with incomes of between three thousand and three hundred a year, words like Daddy, love, marriage, baby, birth, death, mother, buses, shops—I particularly dislike both the shopping expedition (she looked at her list, let me see, two bars of soap, three bars of chocolate, but already the huge store had overwhelmed her with its oriental mystery—it was an Arab bazaar, Eunice decided rapidly as she paused before a chinchilla mantilla. Seven yards of demi-rep the list continued)—and those horrible bus-rides, when the stars are so close, and the young man treads on air (he was getting nearer, Pimlico was a forgotten dream, Fulham and West Brompton passed unheeded—supposing she should be out? "Fares please," shouted the conductor for the third time. "Fourpenny to heaven," he answered unthinking), and picnics, and going for walks, and conversations in pubs and all novels dealing with more

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than one generation or with any period before 1918 or with brilliant impoverished children in rectories or with the following regions, which I understand are going to be preserved from novelists by the National Trust: the Isle of Wight, the Isle of Purbeck, Hampshire, Sussex, Oxford, Cambridge, the Essex coast, Wiltshire, Cornwall, Kensington, Chelsea, Hampstead, Hyde Park and Hammersmith. Many situations should be forbidden, all getting and losing of jobs, proposals of marriage, reception of love letters by either sex (especially if they are hugged closely and taken up to attics or the familiar seat in the apple tree), all allusion to illness or suicide (except insanity), all quotations, all mentions of genius, promise, writing, painting, sculpting, art, poetry, the phrases "I like your stuff," "what's his stuff like?" "damned good," "let me make you some coffee," of young men with ambition or young women with emotion, of remarks like "darling, I've found the most wonderful cottage" (flat, castle), "ask me any other time, dearest, only please—just this once—not now," "love you—of course I love you" (don't love you)—and "it's not that, it's only that I feel so terribly tired."

Forbidden names: Hugo, Peter, Sebastian, Adrian, Ivor, Julian, Pamela, Chloe, Enid, Inez, Miranda, Joanna, Jill, Felicity, Phyllis.

Forbidden faces: all young men with curly hair or remarkable eyes, all gaunt haggard thinker's faces, all faunlike characters, anybody over six feet, or with any distinction whatever, and all women with a nape to their neck (he loved the way her hair curled in the little hollow at the nape of her neck).

This may seem a jaundiced catalogue, and of course it is only a rudimentary one. I hope finally to make writing a novel without infringing the new censorship as difficult as the composition of a satisfactory chant royal, but applied to the novels for this week it seems to work fairly successfully. The authors of *The Trembling of the Sea* and *The Flesh is Willing* are obviously too young to write novels—in any case one describes a bus ride, the other Cornwall. Both have promise and Mr. Terrell has style. He is however still too Proust-ridden, for Proust's method of imaginative induction enables the uneventful lives of young people to seem important enough to write about. But Proust was not young when he used it. Miss Lucas is still frankly wallowing in the world of adolescent make-believe, Mr. Terrell stirring uneasily inside his imitative coccoon.

Canon to Right of Them, *Hell's Bells*, and *Skin and Bones* all suffer from the schoolboy vice of trying to be funny. This kind of novel, gay, more or less irresponsible, satire with an intellectual background, is almost my favourite. But it has to be well done—it is hopeless to make a soufflé with the same slovenliness with which one prepares a hard-boiled egg—timing is all-important, and these exquisite foamy dishes must neither fall in from sheer lack of inspiration (like *Canon to Right of Them*) nor contain suet-balls of morality like *Hell's Bells*. Such books must be short and consistently subtle. These are all too long. I haven't read *The Uncertain Glory* or *Father Malachy's Miracle*, but I have heard Mr. Marshall praised for them by very discriminating critics. It is therefore all the more extraordinary that he should write a novel about as bad as any a complacent frothblowing undergraduate could produce, one that is both banal and dull—and when satire is dull, all is over. It is a farcical account of Anglican canons and Catholic priests trying to reform chorus girls with the addition of a hero and some whimsical pub-stuff. In an introduction the author claims to have written the book from religious reasons, which nothing in the context can lead one to believe. *Hell's Bells* begins brilliantly, avoiding the blustering methods of Mr. Bruce Marshall's Scottish satire, but the brilliance is not maintained and we are plunged into one of those up-to-the-minute descriptions of hell, which owe so much to *Brave New World*. I suffer from a particular inability to cope with visions of judgment, and others may find this book less tiresome if they are more eschatologically minded.

Skin and Bones describes the humiliations of Quintus Bland, whose flesh disappears under the influence of wood alcohol, leaving him a living skeleton—but describes them too laboriously.

The next three books are of the satisfactory kind which give one plenty of succinct information on lives one doesn't know much about, and is glad to penetrate, and give it one competently and readably. Miss Anderson describes a small hotel in the Midlands which she runs. I shouldn't like to stay there, but I feel I know a good deal about commercial travellers now and what is meant by "365" and "William the Conqueror's bedroom," and "out back." Miss Anderson writes briskly and agreeably and is a mine of information. There are moments when I wish she hated commercial travellers more, and I think, for someone who is often complaining of being dunned by wholesalers for their bills, she is a little too enthusiastic in dunning her customers for theirs.

Shutters describes a day in the life of one of those new communities that are springing up along the arterial roads, tudoresque shops, cheap modern flats, filling-stations, which serve a new kind of Americanised commuter. I never got half the people in the book straight, but it is an observant, friendly, and emotional study. I particularly enjoyed the description of a woman having her face lifted. It is just such odd kind of information that one likes to pick up from novels. There is a murder and some facts about the night-lorry life, as well, and plenty about sex, which seems to obsess the dwellers in the red rust along the arterial roads as much as it does the motorists and broad-beamed hikers and bikers who make their way along them.

Guilty in the Tropics is an extremely readable and bracing novel about a young American who is beaten up, then made a prisoner on parole in one of those central American republics where banana boats and American warships alternate in the harbour. It is an O. Henry novel brought up to date, less slick, and with echoes of that Postman who has now been ringing steadily everywhere for two years, but remarkable for brilliant descriptions of the tropics, a subtle appreciation of the Latin character, and a deep affection for those otiose marimba-loving lands. It is the most realistic novel that I have reviewed in the last few months, and brings the Caribbean up the first flight of stairs.

Such an Enmity is an excellent thriller. A rather typical Oppenheim Riviera scene—palatial villa, masterful millionaire, beautiful wife, odious guests—among whom death soon makes its long-expected, eagerly awaited entry. The dialogue is brisk and modern, the characters both unpleasant in the best sense, and plausible. The crime can be solved by page 214, so now I will leave you to it.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

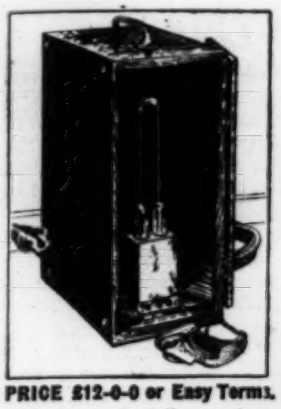
SCHWEITZER

Albert Schweitzer. By MAGNUS C. RATTER. *Allenson.* 7s. 6d.

This is a badly written book redeemed by the immense interest of its subject and the obvious sincerity and feeling of the author. Albert Schweitzer is famous as a theologian, a musician, and philanthropist: and Mr. Ratter is concerned to show that his work in each of these branches does not really suffer from this division of interests, and that the study of New Testament eschatology can be carried on at the same time as research into the music of J. S. Bach, and the running of a hospital "on the edge of the primeval forest." Goethe, as Mr. Ratter points out, was actively interested in optics, mining and government as well as in literature.

Nevertheless, the claim that Schweitzer's conception of the "dynamic" or "apocalyptic" Jesus is either a whole, or a final, representation of the facts would be denied by all theologians; and it seems to be typical of Schweitzer, both as man and as scholar, to be carried away by some new discovery and to apply it far too generally. In his book on Bach, again, he has put forward the theory that tone-painting was one of the keys to the proper understanding of Bach's music, and this would seem to many musicians an over-emphasis of an interesting, but comparatively unimportant, side of Bach's creative genius. In his ethics Schweitzer has seized on the principle of reverence for life in all its forms as the root conception underlying all morality; and he has carried this to such an extent that he has omitted to distinguish between reverence for human life and reverence for the life of plants and animals. It is hard not to feel that, had he devoted himself more wholeheartedly to a deeper consideration and elaboration of his ethical beliefs, he would have thrown more light on this very necessary distinction.

It was the two other guiding principles of his ethics—"responsibility according to privilege" and the principle of sacrifice—which led him to abandon all hopes of a brilliant career as organist or theologian in order to repay some minute portion of the debt which, he felt, the white man had incurred in his dealings with the black. And here it is impossible to withhold our complete admiration; for extremism may make an indifferent scholar, but it is the very base of all religion, and Schweitzer's sacrifice of his life to the service of the African native is the best justification of his ethics. His contention that it is possible to lead the highest type of moral and religious life without any belief in God or immortality would have been condemned by A. J. Balfour as



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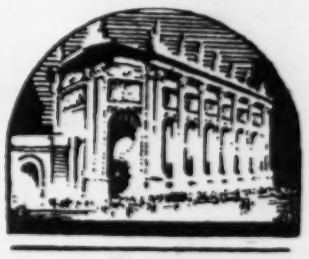

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"spiritual parasitism"—the unconscious battening on the faith and spiritual discoveries of others: but in Schweitzer's own case the unlimited faith and love which have taken with him such an unambiguous and practical form make such a criticism impossible, however well founded it may be in general. Mr. Ratter has written a book for enthusiasts about an enthusiast: and, though none but enthusiasts will be inclined to put up with his twisted and often rather pretentious writing, all admirers of Schweitzer will be grateful to Mr. Ratter for his fervour and sincerity.

M. DU P. C.

THE SONNET, ANCIENT AND MODERN

English Sonnets. Edited by SIR A. T. QUILLER-COUCH. *Chapman and Hall.* 6s.

The English Sonnet. Edited by ENID HAMER. *Methuen.* 5s.,

Sonnets. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

Lyrics. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS. *Rich and Cowan.* 7s. 6d.

To say that the sonnet is out of fashion is not to say that no fine sonnets have been written in our time. But it is, as a matter of fact, a form of verse very much addicted to fashions. After the first Elizabethan flowering, it practically died with Milton, became popular again with the Romantics, and continued so through the Victorian age, finally choking itself in a horrible sea of flabby sonneteering at the end of the century. One has heard it said that the sonnet is unsuitable to modern verse. Many living writers do not attempt it. But it is nonsense to suppose that a verse-form can be dead which has adapted itself to so many varieties of taste and genius, and endured so long; and sonnet-writing to-day raises many questions of unusual interest. Unusual, because the sonnet is the strictest of traditional forms, and the great tendency of modern verse, until recently, has been away from these forms. Can the modern poet use the Shakespearean or Petrarcan forms? Can he be a true architect in them, as Keats and Wordsworth were, or only an archeologist? And what precisely is a sonnet? For if we allow the Miltonic variation, or consider the Shakespearean example a sonnet at all (which only pedants do not), then must we also admit such travesties as some of the new poets produce, unrhymed and unrecognisable, except in so far as they have (approximately) fourteen lines? At any rate, the answer to the first two questions is, yes. A good poet, to-day as at any time, could make the traditional sonnet-forms his own.

These two useful anthologies display the English sonnet at every period. Besides examples from the masters, they both contain some unfamiliar, beautiful work, and both are furnished with an introduction which tells briefly the history of the sonnet and the various treatments it has received. Miss Hamer's is a good deal fuller and more informative. And some, perhaps, will not congratulate Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch on selecting six examples of Mrs. Browning's for only one of Donne's, or five of Leigh Hunt's as against two of Hopkins'. It is interesting to see that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch notices with pleasure the signs of a revival in the sonnet. Lord Alfred Douglas cannot be said to share in that; though the best of his sonnets will no doubt last. It is good to have them in one volume, the work of a man who has been practically devoted to this since the close of the last century. His Lyric Poems, some of which are polished and charming, were nearly all written in the nineties. And it is to the nineties that he belongs; or if he has developed, it is quite removed from modern tendencies, good or bad, and with the nineties always for background. His work is "academic"; his rhythms, sentiments, imagery, mostly not personal, but communal, the fruit of an established tradition. He is a fine and careful craftsman, but much too often content with such imagery as:

> Through the deep sapphire darkness of the night,
> Beyond the scattered gold-dust of the stars.

His best effects, as in "The Wastes of Time," some of the sonnets "To Olive," and "Dies Amara Valde," are gained, not by imagery, but by a well-tutored simplicity.

> I loved you as a tired child loves sleep.

But even here he occasionally falls back on the second-hand; and all his work is in the Victorian tradition. So that when the history of the sonnet in our time comes to be written, and Lord Alfred Douglas receives his deserts, he is likely to be a figure apart from this promised revival in sonneteering.

LAURENCE WHISTLER

SHORTER NOTICES

Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover. By HERBERT VAN THAL. *Barker.* 15s.

The least popular member of an unpopular family, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and subsequently King of Hanover, was hated by his brothers, despised by the great majority of English noblemen who resented his gruff and often brutal manners, abominated and feared by the lower classes, who saw in him the embodiment of reactionary principles. His personality could never have been a pleasant one; and, as it happened, Ernest Augustus (like the good-natured Duke of York and his eldest brother, the Prince Regent) had an unfortunate aptitude for getting into disgraceful public scrapes. Of these, perhaps the most notorious were "The Sellis Case" (when he was accused of murdering his foreign valet, whose wife he was supposed to have seduced) an episode to which Mr. Van Thal devotes an extremely interesting chapter, and his quarrel with Lady Lyndhurst who charged the Duke with having attempted to ravish her in her own drawing-room. Mr. Van Thal has obviously taken great pains to assemble all the evidence bearing on his subject's personal and political career; but it is a pity he should not write a somewhat more fluent and attractive prose style. The book, nevertheless, is carefully documented and equipped with a number of unusually good illustrations.

The Story of Parzival and the Graal as Related by Wolfram von Eschenbach. Interpreted and Discussed by MARGARET FITZGERALD RICHEY. *Blackwell.* 10s. 6d.

An interpretation of a Graal epic might nowadays be expected to include, in confirmation or refutation, some reference to the celebrated examination of symbolism in *From Ritual to Romance.* Dr. Richey, however, aiming evidently at a public that wants to know the literary basis of Wagner's opera, is content with an introduction to what is known of Wolfram and an intermittent prose translation of his work. Had the notes been fuller, this might have been considered sufficient for what is admittedly "no attempt to cover the whole ground." But it may be doubted whether a really popular audience can now be found for *Parzival* (or for *Iwein*, or even for the *Nibelungenlied*), and it would therefore have been better to give the specialist more to bite upon. He may, it is true, find subject for controversy in the commentator's unusually high opinion of Wolfram's poetic status ("no other poet of the Middle Ages has so much to give us: he stands nearer to us than Dante, nearer even than Chaucer"), and in her readiness to adduce details of character from such conventional devices as the praise of "triuwe"; he may even wonder, in spite of Dr. Richey's scholastic eminence, whether "bad people and good" is really a satisfactory rendering of the sense of the MHG "boes unde guot." But on the whole he will be inclined to pass the book on to a more "general" public which is likely to find the translated passages, wherein the colloquial style is not always happily mixed with the heroic, insufficiently stimulating. It is something, however, that Wolfram von Eschenbach should have been rescued at all. Though not the greatest German poet before Goethe (that is the place of Walther von der Vogelweide) he is, of all the Master Epic-makers, at once the most individual and the most useful for the study of the type.

Roald Amundsen, Explorer. By CHARLES TURLEY. *Methuen.* 5s.

Charles Turley's *Roald Amundsen* is both a travel book and a biography, for it deals with a life entirely devoted to polar exploration. From earliest boyhood Amundsen trained himself mentally and physically to this end. Feeling that it was essential for an explorer to command his own ship, he sailed before the mast, and continued to perfect himself in navigation until he attained what the author loosely terms "his skipper's licence." Descriptions follow of his achievements, the discovery of the North-West Passage, the successful expedition to the South Pole, and the Transatlantic flight from Spitzbergen to Alaska. A point that emerges in the book is the constant succession of financial difficulties with which explorers are faced. On his first expedition Amundsen was obliged to sail secretly to escape his creditors, and much of later leisure was employed in the uncongenial task of lecturing and writing to provide the necessary funds for further voyages. His tragic death, while leading the search for the missing Italian airship, was a fitting end for one who had always considered his companions before himself. Although Mr. Turley gives an adequate résumé of the explorer's life and work, the subject is too large to condense into a book of this size.

The King's Darling: Adelaide of Savoy, Duchess of Burgundy, Mother of Louis XV, 1685–1712. By HENRI CARRÉ. *Lane.* 12s. 6d.

M. Carré's study of the child, girl, and woman, who from the moment she arrived at the court of Louis XIV till her death, held the affection of the King and his austere mistress-wife, effectively recreates for us that charm to which all contemporary records bear witness. It also throws some interesting sidelights on the Court and the Monarch during those twenty-seven years which bring into relief qualities in both that have been overlooked. In M. Carré's vivid and well-documented pages, the Court is seen as not so dull and the King as not so stilted as the enemies of Louis and Maintenon have painted them. Even as a child-bride, the young Duchess restored to Versailles some of its past gaiety, and the middle period of her reign, before the war in Flanders and the ruin it involved had cast a cloud over the nation, seems to have been the Indian summer of a dying culture.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. Wed., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

APOLLO. Espionage. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. "Twenty to One." Wed. & Sat.

COMEDY. Someone at the Door. Tu. & Fri.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Thurs. & Sat.

DRURY LANE. (Last Weeks.) Daily at 2.0. Jack and the Beanstalk.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed., Th. & Sat.

HIPPODROME. Please Teacher! Th., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Th.

MERCURY. Murder in the Cathedral. F., S.

PHOENIX. "To-night at 8.30." Tues. & Sat.

PLAYHOUSE. "Mary Tudor." Th. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Storm in a Teacup. Thurs. & Sat.

ST. MARTIN'S. No Exit. Tues. & Fri.

SAVOY. The Wind and the Rain. Mon., Sat.

SHAFTESBURY. "Fritzi." Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tues. & Sat.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

W'MINSTER. Dog Beneath the Skin. Th., S.

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Tem. 6404.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
THE TALK OF LONDON. (14th MONTH.)

ALHAMBRA, EVGS., 6.15 & 9. Weds. & Sats. 2.30
TULIP TIME. A Comedy with Music.
THE FUNNIEST PLAY SEEN FOR YEARS.
Prices (including tax) 10/6 to 1/3 Whitehall 2525.

APOLLO. Gerrard 2663. (Smoking.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARION LORNE & Walter Hackett's Production.
ESPIONAGE.

COLISEUM. Tem. Bar 3161. EVGS., 6.15 & 9. Mats., Weds. & Sats. at 2.30.
"TWENTY TO ONE."
THE FUNNIEST MUSICAL SPORTING FARCE EVER STAGED.
LUPINO LANE, CLIFFORD MOLLISON.

COMEDY. 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30. Whi. 2578.
HENRY KENDALL & NANCY O'NEIL in
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
OVER 280 PERFS. (LAST WEEKS.)

DRURY LANE. (LAST WEEKS.) Tem. Bar 7171.
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK.
TWICE DAILY at 2 o'clock & 7.45.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30, Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evgs., 8.15 Sharp.
Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sats., 2.30.
FAY COMPTON & OWEN NARES in
"CALL IT A DAY."
By Dodie Smith.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272.
Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., Thur. and Sats., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
"PLEASE TEACHER!"
VERA PEARCE. WYLIE WATSON. BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Th., 2.30.
GILBERT MILLER presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

MERCURY. Nottg. Hill Gate. 2s. 6d. to 6s. Park 1000.
Now Nightly (except Mons.) at 8.30. Fri., Sat., 2.30.
MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL.
By T. S. Eliot. Robert Speaight as Becket.
"The one great play by a contemporary dramatist now to be seen in England."—*Times.*
Every SUNDAY at 9, BALLET CLUB.

PHOENIX. Tem. 8611. 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE. NOEL COWARD.
"TO-NIGHT AT 8.30."
Three Plays by Noel Coward.

PLAYHOUSE. 8.30. Th., Sat., 2.30. Whi. 7774.
FLORA ROBSON in
"MARY TUDOR."
JOYCE BLAND. LAWRENCE ANDERSON.

ROYALTY, Dean Street, W.1. Gerrard 7311.
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable.
STORM IN A TEACUP.
By James Bridie and Bruno Frank.
Transferring to Haymarket Theatre Mon. next.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.
ROBERT DOUGLAS in
NO EXIT.
GILLIAN LIND. CYRIL RAYMOND. RONALD SIMPSON.

SAVOY. Evgs., 8.30. M., S., 2.30. (Last week.)
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
LONDON'S LONGEST RUN. Now in its 3rd Year.
Mackenzie WARD. Antoinette CELLIER.

SHAFTESBURY. Evgs., 8.30. W. & S., 2.30.
"FRITZI."
The New Musical Comedy Success. (Ger. 6666.)
ROSALINDE FULLER. LESLIE FRENCH.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660.)
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Sat., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT. A Revue.
"THIS JOYOUS JOKE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

VICTORIA PALACE. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
SEYMOUR HICKS in
THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES.
All Star cast, with MARGARETTA SCOTT.
POPULAR PRICES 1s. to 10s. 6d. OVER 700 PERFS.

WHITEHALL. Smoking. (Whitehall 6692.)
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
ANTHONY AND ANNA.
A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

WESTMINSTER, Victoria, S.W.1. Vic. 0283.
Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. Group Theatre Prod'n.
THE DOG BENEATH THE SKIN.
By W. H. Auden & C. Isherwood.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
RUDOLF FORSTER in the Austrian riding drama
"HOHE SCHULE" (U), and the
1st British Opera in Colour, "FAUST" (A).

EVERYMAN (Opp. Hampstead Tube Stn. Ham 2285)
Mon. next, Feb. 17th, for Two weeks.
PAULA WESSELY SEASON.
EPISODE (A).

North London Film Society. SUN., MAR. 1st. at the MONSEIGNEUR CINEMA, PICCADILLY. PREMIER performance of OZEP'S latest sound film
"AMOK"
Membership of Soc., 6s. Write Sec., 6 Carysfort Rd., N.16.

Seven Latest Short Films made by
FILM & PHOTO LEAGUE will be shown at their "FILM SCHOOL" on Sunday, Feb. 23rd, at VETERANS' HALL, Hand Court, High Holborn. Lectures by A. Elton (G.P.U. Films) and I. Nicholson (Ed. *Film Art*). DANCE 8 p.m.
Details F. & Ph. L., 84 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

EXHIBITION

BEDTIME FUN FOR THE SICK CHILD. Exhibition of Toys and Occupations grouped according as they can be played with lying down or sitting up. Bed-tables, reading lamps and other aids to play in bed have been chosen for their suitability, and a special selection has been made of books, pictures and gramophone records.
Open until the end of February, 10-6. Adm. free.
PAUL & MARJORIE ABBATT,
29 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1.

RESTAURANTS

A FEW steps from the Strand to RULES of Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Estd. 1780.

THIS paper may be read in "The Book" RESTAURANT and WINE DIVE facing the British Museum, also subscriptions received.

REPERTORY THEATRES

CROYDON Repertory.
Nightly at 8. Sat., 5 & 8.15.
The Shining Hour. By Keith Winter.

LIVERPOOL Playhouse.
Evenings 7.45. Saturday 2.30.
Death Takes a Holiday. By Alberto Cassella.

MANCHESTER Repertory.
Evenings, 7.30.
Queen of Scots. By Gordon Daviot.

NORTHAMPTON Repertory.
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50. Monday at 8
Mary Darling. By Edward Percy.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 44 Archway Road, London, N.19. ARC 3845.*

DANCE

THE ASSOCIATION of Women Clerks and Secretaries (Sports Club) First Annual Dance at Transport Hall, Smith Square, S.W.1. on Saturday, 22nd February, 1936, at 7.30 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d.

DINNER

A RUSSIAN REUNION-DINNER, arranged by the W.T.A., will be held on Friday, Feb. 21st, at 7.30 p.m., at the Victoria Coach Station Restaurant, S.W.1. Speaker: SIR WALTER CITRINE. Discussion. Tickets, price 5s. each, from the W.T.A., Ltd., Transport House, Smith Sq., S.W.1. (Tel.: Victoria 7430).

MISCELLANEOUS

ISLES OF GREECE, CRETE, TROY, PRIENE, etc. April Cruise from 22 guineas. London return. Opportunity for teachers and students. Apply Anglo-Hellenic Tours, 1 Albany Terrace, London, N.W.1.

INQUIRIES invited by Progressive Printers for short or long runs letterpress. Special terms for regular work. THE TREDEGAR PRESS, Blewitt Street, NEWPORT, Mon.

WANTED. New Oxford English Dictionary (13 vols.) and Encyclopaedia Britannica (11th, 12th or 13th ed., India paper preferred) as cheap as possible. Box 49, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

MANY valuable privileges—yet BOOK SOCIETY membership is free! Send postcard for copy of "Book Society News" and full details of this world-wide Society of book-lovers. B. GIBBES, 10 Buckingham Palace Gardens, London, S.W.1.

ORIGINAL unduplicated Sermons, one or two weekly. Box 33, N.S. & N. 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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J. W. MACKIE & SONS LTD.
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh, 2.

NEW SUITS FOR OLD. Send your favourite suit or sports jacket and we will copy it exactly in any of our John Peel Tweeds. Send for patterns post free. Prices: complete suit 87s. 6d., jacket 47s. 6d. SAMUEL REDMAYNE AND SONS, No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland. Est. 1868.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING, 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS. £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

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MOTORING

STANDARD 10 (1935) de Luxe Saloon. Freewheel. Black. Mechanically excellent. Appearance spotless. One owner. £125. From the Bishop of London to Mae West no one need blush to be seen dead in this car. CLAYGATE MOTORS, Hare Lane, Claygate, Surrey. Esher 395.

Week-end Competitions

No. 309

Set by Hamish Miles

Assume, please, that seven years from now it becomes suddenly but irrefutably obvious that a new Ice Age is creeping southward and must, within a few months, overwhelm the British Isles. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best forecasts, not exceeding 300 words, of a characteristic leading article on this imminent crisis from one of the following newspapers: the *Times*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Worker*, *The Observer*, *Pravda*, the *Corriere della Sera*. To help matters it may further be assumed that the National Government is still there.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Feb. 21st.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 307

Set by Ralph Partridge

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a simple prose fable (in not more than 250 words), using Aesop as a model, which would be applicable to the enforcement of oil sanctions in the Italo-Abyssinian war. The fable ought to aim at a universal appeal, and therefore must have alternative endings to please both the Negus and Mussolini.

Report by Ralph Partridge

None of the seventeen entries managed to reproduce the perfect Aesop mixture of childish fancy and hard common sense. The alternative ending was bothering and induced many competitors to draw long-winded morals far too heavy for a mere fable to sustain. But I was impressed by the number who disdained the obvious characters of the Wolf, the Lion and the Monkey and launched out into pythons, hyenas, beavers, squirrels, eagles and unicorns. SZCZEPAN CHRZASZCZ opened in perfect style:—

"A Pair of Scissors, seeing a Sheet of Black Glossy Paper lying idly on the table, began to cut into it bit by bit. This annoyed the Sheet . . . and it complained to the Screwdriver lying near by. The Screwdriver asked the Pair of Scissors to stop its outrage. But the Pair of Scissors paid no attention to the admonishment and continued its task.

The Screwdriver then said in a very firm voice: "If you do not stop your ravages immediately I shall screw you up tightly and you will be useless as scissors."

The final destiny of the Sheet of Paper was to be the dustcover to a book on peace. But Szczepan Chrzaszcz was unable to round off his fable as eloquently as he began, so I feel obliged to award the prizes to the more banal and sophisticated entries. Mr. Allan M. Laing takes the first prize with a couple of neat conclusions, and W.R.Y. deserves second prize, although William Bliss, Esther McCracken and Water Rat run him very close.

FIRST PRIZE

THE WOLF AND THE WATER

The animals in council reproached the Wolf for trying to take the Mongrel's bone by force. "I must have food for my growing family," protested the Wolf. "But you needn't steal it," growled the Lion. The Wolf sneered. "How did you get yours?" he asked. The Lion coughed. "That," he said, "is all past and gone: no one steals bones now." "In-deed!" said the Wolf. "Well, I'll have to, or my family will starve. Anyhow, the Mongrel's table manners are deplorable." And he turned away and recommenced worrying the Mongrel. But the weather was hot: the Mongrel fought desperately; and soon the Wolf was faint with thirst. He quickly drank up his own pool and then, following the custom of animals, asked permission to drink from theirs. To his surprise, they tried to elbow him away. "Why do you have to go bone-stealing in such hot weather?" they complained. "Let the Mongrel be and you won't need such a lot of water." "Am I and my family, then, to die of thirst?" asked the Wolf, indignantly.

(1) "Be reasonable," said the Lion:

"PEOPLE WHO SHARE OUR POOL MUST TAKE OUR ADVICE."

(2) "That's your affair," sneered the Lion. "I see," said the Wolf, contemplating the ring of unfriendly faces:

"A LION MAY BITE WHERE A WOLF MUSTN'T EVEN SHOW HIS TEETH."

ALLAN M. LAING.

SECOND PRIZE

THE LION AND THE HUNTERS

A company of Hunters, weary of the toils and dangers of their calling, decided to settle down as peaceful Herdsmen. They declared that there should be no more hunting.

A Lion, who had escaped their bullets in the past, was delighted at this decision, and hastened to make friends with the men whom he had hitherto feared and suspected.

But one of their number, who had been suckled in childhood by a Wolf, was not content with a bucolic life.

"Danger is the spice of life," he claimed, "and hunting the proper occupation of Man. I shall hunt the Lion."

The other Herdsmen, thereupon, met in Council to consider the situation.

"Hunting is so old-fashioned," said some.

"Yes," agreed the Wolf-man; "we have indeed degenerated."

"It is the mark of the Beast," said others.

"My foster-mother was a She-Wolf," rejoined the Wolf-Man.

"Very well," said the Herdsmen; "since you choose to be old-fashioned and a Beast, you must hunt with appropriate weapons. We will give you no help."

1st Ending. And the Wolf-Man, deprived of Man's weapons, proved no match for the Lion.

Moral. A Sporting Risk without risk is not sporting.

2nd Ending. "On the contrary," snarled the Wolf-Man, "I shall use the latest weapons—*on anybody who stands in my way.*"

And the Herdsmen, who had allowed their own weapons to rust, were afraid and said no more.

Moral. An Argument without Force has no force. W. R. Y.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 164.—CHEZ PEWTRID

"For the guessing games," said our hostess, Mrs. Pewtrid, "we are going to be organised in teams. Half-a-dozen teams, Jim?"

"Not so many," said her husband.

"Okay," said Mrs. Pewtrid. "Anyway, we're to be organised in teams. The same number of players in each team. And each person taking part will put a bob in the kitty. That will give the winners their prize money."

"How do they divide their money?" asked someone. "Share and share alike?"

"No," said Mrs. Pewtrid, dictatorially. "They will decide on its division for themselves."

To cut a long story short, our team won; and we decided so to divide the money that each player received an exact number of shillings, the number depending on his success in the games. As it happened, we had made widely differing contributions to the team's success, so that no two of us received the same amount.

We afterwards noticed a very curious thing. The number of shillings awarded to Joe, multiplied by the number awarded to Muriel, gave the same product as the number awarded to Horace multiplied by the number awarded to our captain. And this same product was obtained by multiplying the number awarded to Stella and the number awarded to our recorder.

I might add that I received more shillings than anyone except Muriel.

How much did I get?

PROBLEM 162.—CRICKET

"This problem," writes a solver, "is pregnant with indefinitions." I like this Polonian phrase so much that I feel I must give it publicity. I do not, however, accept it as a criticism. The only point open to question, I think, is whether the phrase "a different mother and sister each time" excludes the possibility of the same mother and sister playing in two different teams. It was meant to do so, of course. And since there is no unique solution if this interpretation is not put upon it, and since this interpretation is fortified by the remark, "it can just be done" there should be no ambiguity.

David's teams are:

1st match (v. *Cyril*): *Cyril's mother. Bernard's sister.*
2nd „ (v. *Alan*): *Alan's mother. Cyril's sister.*
3rd „ (v. *Bernard*): *Bernard's mother. Alan's sister.*

PROBLEM 161.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: F. P. E. Green, 50 Bocking Lane, Sheffield, 8. *Five* points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

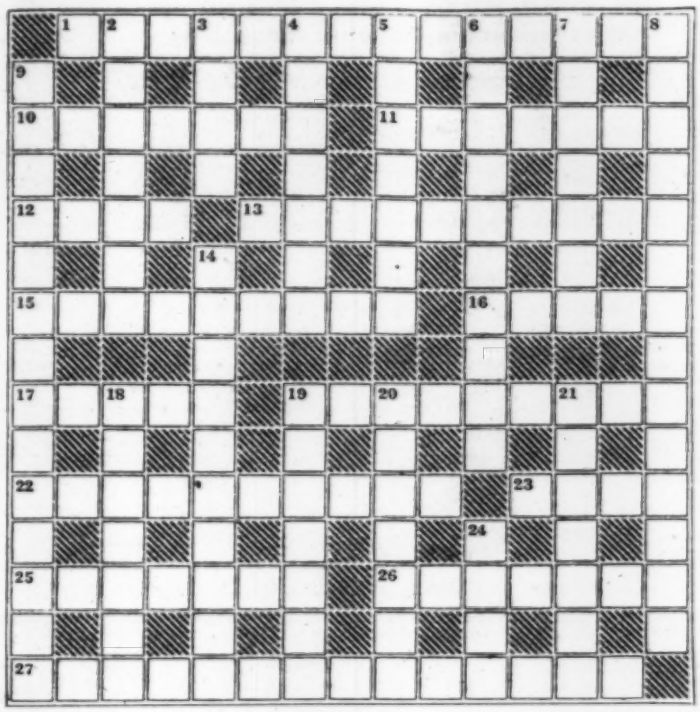
A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution. CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 310

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
J. Walter Jones, Ynysllynlladd, Cadoxton, Neath, Glam.

ACROSS.

1. 5.41 p.m. to-day.
10. Natural air hole.
11. Letters give one such support.
12. It never packs its trunk but leaves its clothing out.
13. After-dinner wine for those who read Literae Humaniores? (2 words).
15. Involved a crate in it.
16. Pshaw! it reverses for all performers.
17. Cold enough to glide.
19. Flower for a good send-off.
22. Foreign rendering of taxes on rue.
23. King who could have silenced one no doubt.
25. Suitable robe for the puppet merchant.
26. How a gardener might make money from bribery and corruption.
27. A co-operator in the laboratory?

DOWN.

2. What the police sergeant's immediate superior has to do.
3. It runs of course.
4. Scene of *Twelfth Night*.
5. Remove the inside of a Sussex cricketer.
6. Where newspaper magnates go in for horse breeding?
7. It is preceded by a short introduction.
8. Bulbs to brighten our homes.
9. A yarn and a companion help it to do plain work.
14. Vessel that fixes the breeze?
18. Suggests that a mistake in the lease is the cause of downfall.
19. Makes the ribs articulate.
20. A penniless delusion.
21. Way to prepare an indenture.
24. A rag of a city.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	F	I	V	E	F	A	R	T	H	I	N	G	S	■
P	■	S	■	V	■	V	■	U	■	L	■	A	■	B
A	T	H	L	E	T	E	■	R	E	A	U	M	U	R
R	■	M	■	N	■	N	■	K	■	B	■	O	■	■
L	E	A	M	I	N	G	T	O	N	■	N	A	H	K
O	■	E	■	N	■	E	■	V	■	M	■	D	■	E
U	L	L	A	G	E	■	D	E	M	I	J	O	H	N
R	■	■	■	O	■	M	■	R	■	S	■	■	■	H
T	O	R	T	U	O	U	S	■	C	O	D	D	L	E
R	■	H	■	T	■	S	■	O	■	G	■	E	■	A
I	W	I	K	■	S	T	E	P	D	A	N	C	E	R
C	■	Z	■	I	■	A	■	P	■	M	■	R	■	T
K	N	O	C	K	U	P	■	O	L	I	V	I	N	E
S	■	M	■	O	■	H	■	S	■	S	■	E	■	D
■	P	A	R	L	I	A	M	E	N	T	A	R	Y	■

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